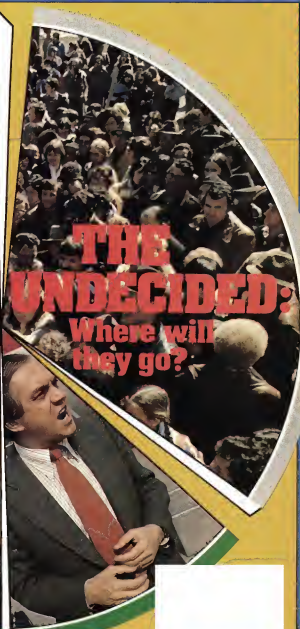


Maclean's

MAY 7, 1979

75¢



**THE
UNDECIDED:**
Where will
they go?

remote control!

Handmade Pecan Woodgrain Finish

Sensor Touch electronic tuning brings in preset channels

One button color control

Light Sensor automatically adjusts picture brightness

Black & White picture tube

Our Round 26" screen comes with wireless remote control so you change channels instantly, silently. Model shown 377 410.816. At all Sears stores and West Catalogue Sales Offices.

Sears

Our finest quality has a label of its own. Sears best



Sawintara Group Limited

Maclean's

Election '78	48
The voting of the candidates	
Berbara Amiel/Colum	52
Filing	57
Humane—a troubled Boss Bar, Last Embrace: Despair hall a lost is better than Newshorn and Gnaplex	
William Casselman/Colum	60
Music	63
The Sinesa roll on	
Allan Fothergill/Colum	66

[illegible]

THIS MAN IS A GLUTTON FOR HAPPINESS.

At a time when many people are fed up with the quality of new cars, 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy.

Having bought four Volvos, the man you see here is ecstatic.

He's Robert Froebel, an engineer and teacher in Toronto, and he's been buying Volvos since 1965. He's kept all his old Volvos in the family, giving one to his wife and passing two others along to his sons.

Mr. Froebel estimates he's put a third of a million

miles on the Volvos he's bought.

"They might not go on forever, but as yet they've shown no signs of stopping. I can't imagine a car I could have enjoyed in that would have given me a greater return."

If you've never felt this kind of attachment to a car you've owned, consider a Volvo.

Better to have known one-fourth the happiness Mr. Froebel has known, than never to know happiness at all. **VOLVO**

A car you can believe in.



Editorial

'For the Sun who scatter'd into flight, The stars before him from the field of night'

By Peter C. Newman

The name of Thomas Nicholas Liston, production editor of this magazine, appears on the Maclean's masthead below for the final time. He died last week at the age of 48. Those of us who were his colleagues and friends (for it was impossible to be one without becoming the other) mourn his passing not only for what he was, but for what he represented.

Some old-fashioned in his habits and attitudes, he touched us all with his natural kindness and courtesy manners. He joined our editorial department in the summer of 1976, after spending eight years, latterly as chief proofreader at the Maclean-Hunter printing plant, and it was Liston who devised the copy-flow system that made the magazine work. His main assignment was to expedite the movement of stories from editors to printers. He would graciously loop around the office, applying a combination of humorous meedling and moral suasion to help us meet all those impossible deadlines. He cared passionately about accuracy, grammar and style, putting in error hours applying the meticulous disciplines he had learned as a compositor's apprentice in his native Glasgow.

But his greatest talent was for friendship and he left everybody feeling the better for knowing him. Franching the silky-tongued blarney that was his language, his style was that of a solitary man who lived through

the pleasure he gave others. It was that special loneliness of an extrovert which made him so remarkable.

His wit was never cruel but Tom loved practical jokes. While working at the M-H printing plant, Liston found out that one of the pressmen hated to eat spinach, because he claimed you never knew what you might find in it. Tom bought a green rubber frog in a joke shop and patiently carried it around in his pocket until spinach came up on the cafeteria menu. He ordered some, tossed his friend for lunch and unobtrusively slipped the toy animal into his mouth—then started pulling it out, bit by bit, agreeing with a show of feigned innocence that indeed it was true: you never did know what you might find in a playful of spinach!

A trivia nut, he could recite whole scenes in all the appropriate dialects from old Hitchcock thrillers, re-live the detail of every boxing championship going, and spot the precedent for all the major-league balling combinations. He organized the office baseball pool, but, as was so typical of him, always voted with his heart and sometimes walked around in a Boston Red Sox cap to prove it.

As the cancer that became more of a curse than an illness began to eat his insides, he insisted on not missing a day's work.

Decency and dignity were the words that described Tom Liston best.

We shall miss him.



Maclean's

Editor
Peter C. Newman

Executive Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
Michael Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

Production Editor
John A. Maclean

Creative Director
John A. Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

News Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

Managing Editor
John A. Maclean

MAY 7, 1979

Editorial
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Advertising
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Production
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
News
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Marketing
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Finance
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Legal
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Human Resources
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Information Systems
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Public Relations
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Special Projects
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Editorial Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Production Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Marketing Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Finance Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Legal Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Human Resources Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Information Systems Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Public Relations Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5
Special Projects Assistant
Maclean's, Magazine Division
100 St. James Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5H 1A5

A marriage cult grows in the church

By André McNeill

In the dark basement of Notre Dame de Lourdes Church in Guelph, outside Ottawa, an "information session" is under way to acquaint 25 attentive couples with the marital bliss that awaits them through Marriage Encounter. The LaReines introduce themselves: "My name is Natalia and this is my wife Jeanette." "My name is Jeanette and this is my husband Nicolas." Other couples follow the hosts and drop the same few words until Charles Poon, a young priest sitting in the middle of the floor, devotes slightly to mutter, "My spouse is the church." Song sheets have been distributed beforehand and all rise and sing.

Twenty-five more couples, one more priest, in their first stages of involvement with Marriage Encounter, a phenomenally successful and increasingly controversial movement flourishing within the Roman Catholic Church. Indeed the church, apparently dormant during these past 50 years that have seen the appearance of more than 1,000 cults in North America, seems to have rediscovered the seductiveness of human publicity and, through Marriage Encounter, is paying homage to the latest indoctrination techniques, to say nothing of

good old-fashioned pretend selfing.

If these couples in the basement choose to participate, they will pay \$180 a year to be "immersed," to reaffirm their marriage (in a priest's or nun's case, marriage to the church) through an intense weekend of close-contact communications known as the "blessed 44 hours." In Canada, as less than five years, more than 10,000 couples have been encountered and the waiting list now stands at 30,000. In the United States, a staggering 600,000 have gone through the experience. But it's among French Canadians that it has attained something of a cult status.

Every weekend over 2,000 francophone couples and another 500 anglophone pairs check into hotels and reach early Friday evening for their "blessed 44 hours." Run by three "team couples" and a priest, the weekend program consists of 14 lectures divided into four phases: two on "I," two on "Us," six on "Us and God," and four on "Us, God and the World." The team couples, always holding hands or showing some other sign of affection, illustrate each theme with examples from their own lives. One of the keys to the success of the weekend, and to maintaining the couples' interest for a long time after, is a communication technique known as the "10-10." Following each lecture, and

in theory for every day thereafter, the spouses spend 10 minutes writing each other a love letter and another 10 minutes discussing their reactions to the contents. The secret is always on feelings, an emotion, by the time a special mass is celebrated on Sunday afternoon to celebrate the weekend, many of the participants are in tears of ecstasy.

Which is part of the problem with the entire Marriage Encounter concept, according to a Toronto psychiatrist and cult expert Andrew Malcolm, author of *The Tyranny of the Group: "People are pliable and naive,"* he says. "It's easy to fall people into believing that their happiness depends on a magical solution, something outside of themselves." Encouraged couples seem sincere, happy, devout, secure in the midst of a remarkable collective phenomenon. As one husband tries to explain the appeal of encountering: "Before we didn't care about problems other couples were having. It was their problem. Now, we feel involved."

With the divorce rate in Canada on the rise, a great many couples and families are facing problems they can't cope with. But there is a serious warning to

The LaReines (left) and other couples at an "information session," state recruiters of the program kind

CLOSEUP

Come with us to Saronno, where the legend began.



It started in Saronno 450 years ago, with the creation of the original Amaretto. An intriguing golden drink which won the hearts and palates of many connoisseurs. The fame of Amaretto di Saronno soon grew, and its elusive flavour became legend. Many have tried to imitate it, but none have succeeded.

Our secret ingredient in Saronno is patience. Over the centuries we have allowed the legendary flavour of Amaretto di Saronno to develop slowly, until it is soft, subtle and mellow.

You can enjoy our exquisite Amaretto di Saronno straight up, on the rocks, or in a delightful mixed drink. Its legendary taste mixes beautifully.

Why settle for imitations when you can have Amaretto di Saronno. The legendary Amaretto. The Original.

The Godfather

1 1/2 oz. Scotch or rye
N. as. Amaretto di Saronno
Serve in an old-fashioned glass over ice

The Bambino

1 oz. Amaretto di Saronno
1 oz. sweet cream
1 oz. vodka
Shake well with crushed ice.
Strain and serve in champagne glass.

Write for our free recipe booklet to:
Schmidt Agencies Ltd., 495 Dundas St. W.,
Suite 125, Toronto, Ontario



Amaretto di Saronno. The Original.

encountered couples, a sort of emotional closing that betrays a refuge in rigidity rather than the mastery of the very difficult art of true adaptation. Demonstrations of affection sometimes appear mechanical and programmed. And couples inside they can feel guilty because they have allowed the ecstasy of the weekend to diminish in intensity and they are not doing their "10-12" every day.

Like its sponsor the church, ME is rigidly organized. Since October, 1977, there has been a National Board in Montreal (the movement started in North America among a group of French-Americans in the Maine-New Brunswick area) overseeing a complex maze of zones (each usually a parish, counties, units and districts). Each piece of the organizational puzzle is headed by one couple and a priest. ME was born in Spain in the 1950s, the brainchild of Gabriel Galin, a young priest working with couples in Barcelona. It was discovered in 1968 by an American Jesuit, Chuck Gallagher, who saw in it the antidote for the "overemphasis on personal fulfillment in today's life," as he explains. The trappings of modern group psychology were gradually bestowed: intensity, ecstacy, secrecy, subjectivity and an indefinable ritual.

Gallagher's version, International Marriage Encounter with head offices in Los Angeles, has had enormous success in a world seemingly craving its return to the old faith. Last October, after a meeting in Mexico, an International Council was formed to direct operations in 37 countries. At \$400 per couple (up until about a year ago it was \$90 but the couple, toward the end of the weekend, would be asked to double the offering)

An introduction to Marriage Encounter:
30,000 couples are on the waiting list



the movement has not found financial survival difficult. Nor is marketing a problem. Upon completing the weekend, each couple submits a list of five other couples they think could benefit from the "blessed 44 hours." Encountered couples are also asked to attend a monthly "Share" meeting in the local church with about 30 couples and to form a "Love Cell." The latter is a group of 18 couples who meet once in one of their homes and then break up to form 30 more cells. The movement is actively promoted at the parish level and the sale of books, notebooks, bumper stickers and jewelry, while strictly controlled, is encouraged.

The seven bishops of the Montreal diocese have recently asked their assistants to form a committee to look into Marriage Encounter. "Not because of any concern at all," says a spokesman in Archbishop Paul Goggin's office. "This is a standard procedure when there's a movement within the church."

Meanwhile, in the basement of Notre Dame de Lourdes Church, smiling couples of all ages, but mainly under 40, are busy filling in their registration forms and parting with a non-refundable \$10 deposit. It's usually the wives who will have inflated the decision to be encountered. For them the guarantee of future happiness is too much to resist and then, too, it gets kind of lonely when you're the only unencountered couple on the block. But the young priest, Charles Poiré, is uneasy. He realises he would have preferred to sit at the end of the head table but he was told he had to sit in the middle. "That's the way things are always done," he was instructed. He worries a lot about the authenticity of ME. But, as he tries to reassure himself, "People today need a first event, even if it is too rigid." ◇

We're just where you want us.

Standard Inns

Carleton Place
Ottawa Book

Geoffrey
St. John's

New Encounters

St. John's

New Hotels

Halifax

—Creston

—Dorchester

—Quebec

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

—Quebec City

Business travellers have got us just where they want us.



Holiday Inn has more than 60 hotels across Canada. So it's more than likely we've got an Inn just where you need one. And it's

probably within minutes of your clients.

Also, Holiday Inn has extra-special features for business travellers. Like spacious conference rooms, special corporate and group

rates, and seminar packages.

Next business trip, stay with Holiday Inn.

Because you've got us just where you want us.

For free, guaranteed Holiday Inn reservation service, call toll free 1-800-ALTA and Book 1 (416) 298-8811. In Me., Ont., P.Q. and Maritime, 1 (800) 298-8860. In Toronto, (416) 490-1010. In Montreal, (514) 432-4322.

Holiday Inn

Holiday Inn

Number one in people pleasing

Census and sensibility: uncovering our roots

By the fire light of the microfilm, at Ottawa's Public Archives last week, a roster peered at the faded Victorian script of the Dominion Census for 1881. Statisticians Canada had only recently turned it over to the Archives for public viewing. By township and county, name, religion, occupation and country of origin, the four million inhabitants of Canada in 1881 marched across the census pages in the elaborate script and scrawl of the enumerators. The rollcall of names and occupations for Kingston, Ontario, occasionally conjured up a kind of *Norco* scenario.

A spunky morning, 1942. . . . Sister Mary C. rings the recent tower bell, but the sound is drowned by a storm of denuded snags from the aspen patient *Jamb & Down* an ally, the enumerator writes "prayer" for the 30th straight time. The young ladies who board at the private school for Church of England girls dream of summer freedom. The parish priest's presence draws aiso, in their other hats, when they were five, they were outlanders, clerics, missionaries and couples thereof make cry. Across town, two children dance along a prosperous street, troubled by their aged money. In the 1952 census his occupation was "clerk," but later have changed, and the money is a "service" wage.

The release of this census is welcome news for anyone interested in his roots. It's the first one to include British Columbia and the Northwest Territories, which then took in all the Prairie region. The previous census, for 1871, was released 35 years ago and Archives off-

icially my exploding numbers of amateur genealogists have been forced to get at fresh material. About 50 people walk through the Archives down every day to search their history but officials can't even estimate how many more people in Kenilworth and Carleton, Embury and Centre By Church go to their local library to track the traces of their ancestors.

A central year sparked the Canadian love affair with the past, says Dr. George Neville, editor of *Past Times*, 18.



The stars of 1881 in front of Emerson's first 6th-century new census to the past.

Uniform magazines for people who live to be around their family trees. Then the phenomenal success of Allen Hay's book *Roots* and the television series based on it added hundreds more to join the search for their personal past. "It's the human quest for understand-

ing, the very basic human urge to know your own origins," says Neville. "We can reach back and teach to many of the basic links. The census isn't just a book, it's a key to a wider world a witness of the times and conditions of days past."

But having access to the keys of the past can be tough and in the case of the 1881 census it took political and legal pressure on Statisticians Canada to release it. For years the government agency told all historical societies, genealogy societies and researchers the census wouldn't be released because it had to protect the privacy of the individuals enumerated in 1881, even if they were probably all dead. There was legal pressure when the Sir for Guelph, Frank Maine, introduced a private member's bill a year ago to force the release of the census, but it was swallowed up in the machinery of Parliament.

Success came after a letter-writing campaign to Jack

Horne, the minister responsible for Statisticians Canada. It wasn't Horne knew a group of angry roots diggers came back into state rooms, because he also wanted his ministerial discretion, and let the 1881 census go public. Even so, anyone wanting to publish any names from the census must receive permission from the Dominion archivist Maggie McQuarrie.

cover, Washington (popul 47,000) is kind of being combined with the Other One. All that less, that's a boom instead of a bust. It's a boom in the wrong Vancouver report. The Chamber of Commerce has been trying to change the city's name for 15 years but distant Vancouverians, refusing to be beaten by their clunky class, have voted down these new name proposals. (Selling "1915 A" isn't their best sign was raised by the legislature as a sign of affection. It might also work as a warning to all the southern Washington residents who are forever looking to change their names because they're sure they've got the Canada.

Robert Still

Character, quality, Royal Reserve.

Royal Reserve is proof that a great rye need not be expensive.

Light, mixable character and fine quality at a truly modest price.

A tangled tale of two cities

Vancouver today's signs have been changed to read "ENTERING Vancouver, U.S.A."



war, U.S.A. It was not a prank, in fact, the Vancouver Chamber of Commerce was delighted.

The city in question is not Canada's third largest, but neither Vancouver notably 275 miles deep in the U.S. The citizens of Van-

ENTERING
Vancouver, U.S.A.



Photo courtesy of the Vancouver Chamber of Commerce

A camera for every need

Olympus was the first to cut the bulky 35mm SLR down to size... a full third smaller and lighter than their ancestors. Although smaller overall, controls are large and easy to use.

Taken at random from the production line, OM cameras are bristled with a 100,000 life cycle test at temperatures ranging from -4°F to 142°F. That's equal to 100 years of use. Durability to the degree is why Olympus is invariably chosen by the professional.

The Olympus Compact SLR System, consisting of focusing screens, lenses, window, flash, etc., is the largest in the world with 287 components. And, it's still growing.

The sturdy motor drive mounted on the OM-1 or OM-2 can fire off 5 frames per second without advance lock-up. The new automatic OM-10 accepts the 3 speed per second auto window.

Now, Olympus offers you a camera for every need.

As simple as 1, 2, 10.

The OM-1 has sold more than any other compact SLR and, for good reason: it was the first and a still the best word in providing full exposure control.

The OM-2 is the fully automatic camera that has become so popular with the photo enthusiast, press photographer and photo journalist. It offers the greatest economy in light measurement because integral sensors measure the light reflected off the film itself during exposure, even during frequent motor drive operation. By incorporating the full exposure control of the OM-1, the OM-2 becomes the ultimate SLR.

The OM-10 is the newest OM camera. Fully automatic, it offers the features of renowned Olympus cameras for fun. Whatever your photographic need, look to the Compact Olympus OM System.

OLYMPUS

Frontlines

The selling of Souris

Loch (Scotch) Levy, the moose pasture manager of Moose Jaw, has only one complaint of his son's fundraising scheme. Phil should have gone further—it's more profitable. Levy is the man who subdivided a pristine moose pasture into 1,744,000 lots of one square centimetre each and is selling



Mastermind Phil Levy: a bridge too short

them at \$0 each to raise money for Moose Jaw's Canada Week celebrations (Maclean's, March 20).

It's a talent that runs in the family. It seems, because son Phil, a 30-year-old banker, is at the centre of a similar scheme in Souris, Manitoba. Instead of a pasture, Phil has turned in the town's most famous asset, a 360-km winding footbridge over the Souris River. With its three-foot width, the bridge surface measures 261,424 square inches. The marketing banker, in co-operation with the Chamber of Commerce, is selling \$2 square certificates for each square inch, proceeds to go toward Souris' 1984 centennial celebrations and a heritage fund.

Levy Sr. likes the idea of dividing up the 13-year-old bridge (built in 1977 after a flood) but can't understand why it's not in square centimetres, which would produce almost seven times as many shares. Says a stoic son Phil: "Inches have been around longer than centimetres."

Peter Curlye/Globe

The Princes invite you to a wine tasting

Prince Blanc and Prince Noir are two of the most widely enjoyed French wines in Canada. You'll find the very same superb quality in all Barton & Guestier wines.

Barton & Guestier is world-famous for its many excellent French wines, a reputation carefully guarded by the strictest standards of quality control.

If you've enjoyed the two Princes, now's the time to discover other fine B & G wines. Consider this your invitation.

Barton & Guestier



W. CARREN CO. LTD.
25 SCARBOROUGH DON MILLS, ONTARIO, CANADA M1B 3J7



Days Inns won't let rising gas prices cut down your vacation plans.

Our low, low family rates more than compensate for your extra fuel expenses this year. Stay at Days Inns, and your vacation may cost even less than last year!



That's because Days Inns offer one of the best values in family lodging today. You get a big, comfortable, spotless room with two double beds and telephone. Free color TV. A good restaurant. A refreshing pool. And, of course, the friendliest service.

Choose from 301 locations in

204 cities. Most Days Inns even have gas facilities on the premises. So you get savings and convenience both.

Spending more on gas? Spend less on family lodging at Days Inns. Even with rising fuel prices, you can still have the best vacation ever.

You'll have good nights at Days Inns.



Days Inn of America, Inc. 2701 Robert Highway • Victoria, B.C. V8T 1C4

Frontlines

This section is closed

Few months ago the Montreal man could have challenged anyone to a breakfast of champagne. At one sitting he would eat seven eggs, a pound of bacon and three loaves of bread. But he wasn't likely to eat that way for long. At 450 pounds he was a prime candidate for heart disease, diabetes and death.

Today that man's breakfast is half a piece of toast, two tablespoons of cereal and half an egg. If he eats any more he'll vomit. That's because his stomach is a fraction of its former size, thanks to a new surgical technique being tested in

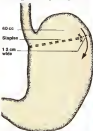
Canadian surgeons will be visiting Palmer to watch the surgery.

The gastropasty technique was pioneered in the '60s by Dr. Edward Mason at the University of Iowa, then abandoned until last year when modifications made the operation more effective. Now a patient can expect to lose about 40 pounds in the first two months, then continue to lose about 10 pounds a month. The operation can be reversed, if need be, and its proponents are hoping it will replace the higher risk bowel and

gastro bypass which have been used for the drastically obese.

Though gastropasty patients should still track the number of times they eat if they expect to lose weight, one 23-year-old patient of Palmer's has discovered he can get through a large steak or a large bowl of spaghetti and eat them slowly over an evening. Other patients, who haven't figured out how to subvert the surgery, report giddy optimism for a permanently slim future.

Cynthia Ware



Canada and the United States as an effective treatment for the greedy obese.

Known as gastropasty, it involves restricting off a small, upper portion of the stomach with a row of stainless steel staples. The patient is effectively left with a much smaller stomach and, therefore, a severely reduced capacity for food.

The Montreal patient was operated on by Dr. Lloyd MacLean, surgeon-in-chief at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, one of three Canadians who have been performing the operation regularly since it was developed last year. MacLean, Dr. John Palmer, a general surgeon at Toronto General Hospital, and Dr. Joel Freeman, head of surgery at Ottawa General, already have long waiting lists of obese people anxious for the two-hour procedure. Several more

Tegrin gives problem dandruff the brush-off.

The experts agree.

When the evidence is there in black and white, it's time for some professional advice. And three out of four Dermatologists judge the medicated ingredient in Tegrin effective in fighting problem dandruff. Prove it to yourself. Use Tegrin regularly for clean, healthy-looking hair.

Based on findings from a clinical study.



It was as good a place for a showdown as any. William Neville, Joe Clark's chief of staff and the now-elected official member of the House, rode to glory May 22, was in the job. His wife of 20 years, Marilyn, was in a quandary. Already she had composed a letter which she left on his bedroom dresser. It read: "The boys and I want you happy, but we also want you alive." There was no written reply. Despite the fact that Bill Neville is 40 years old, smokes 50 Salem cigarettes a day because he's "addicted" and is 30 pounds overweight because he can't find time to exercise, the divorce was dissipated. Neville, a self-proclaimed "workaholic" had, no doubt, filed it away under "future business."

And so, Marilyn awaited her last chance to speak up for herself and their two sons, Lindsay, 15, and Ross, 10. It came one morning in January, before Neville took off on what she calls Joe Clark's "last-lap" trip. "I finally had to lock him in the bathroom to have a serious talk with him," she says. "I asked Bill when was the last time he played a game of golf. When was the last time he sat down and relaxed with a good book. He couldn't remember I said, 'Okay. Let's have another look at this life of yours.' If I hadn't done it, he'd be working 38 hours a day."

At 44 stands, Neville now works 38 hours a day, promoting and preparing, convincing and advising Joe Clark for the spring day when the electorate decides whether Pierre Trudeau has finally become the trap. For Neville, there is no doubt of it. And there hasn't been since the late '60s when the wiser of his political stripes was somewhat different. Having started his political climb in 1966 as an aide to former Liberal minister Judy LaMarsh, Neville had become increasingly disaffected with the Galt-style Transference. Although some loyalists still remained to the Pearson government, Neville found in Trudeau a man capable of doing the country apart, an arrogant, screw-you type of leader who was making Canada a country of confrontation. His style bothered him.

Whether Neville believes his own

Bill Neville: Joe Clark's weatherman

By Jane O'Hara



Neville, the Tories' No. 1 backroom boy, has a habit of getting his own way.

rhetoric is one thing, but since February, 1976, when Clark appointed him chief of staff, his mandate has been solid. Neville has been responsible for the assembly and day-to-day operation of the leader's 45-man office staff. There have been problems, including two major personnel overhauls and the loss of nine key people in three years. He has also helped design policy (which he considers his forte) and has been a party to every important Tory decision—in all, a position which not only demonstrates

Clark's implicit trust, but has earned Neville the undoubted story of his peers. "Bill's a very conservative guy," says a former Tory aide. "He likes the spotlight and loves to be close to the power. If given his wish, he'd sit at the top of the power line."

But of all Neville's duties, there is none so riveting, none so potentially alluring as the game of outwitting the Liberals from power. For that he reserves an almost missionary zeal. "Clark has been showing from almost the first day he came to office," says one Tory insider. "There's only one way in the world with more ambition to defeat Trudeau, and that's Bill Neville."

A former "jack" with a Vice Versa Lombard mentality and harem to match, Neville is an extraordinarily competitive man with a powerful commitment to the political game. He doesn't like to lose—not anything. "I play solitaire to win," he admits. His wife concurs. She tells of the time she started taking tennis lessons and then playfully challenged her husband to a game. The gambit was no sooner dropped, then the two of them were on the court. "He just made me of me," said Marilyn Neville. "I don't play with him anymore." Still, Neville does send her flowers every fortnight, and occasionally serves her breakfast in bed. Naturally, "his eggs" are still, are the best.

It is Day 13 of the election campaign and the Clark onslaught—two backlogs bill—polls building into Woodstock, Ontario. The sounds of the Tory theme song sweep an otherwise arid plain, and if only cows were voters—inside the bus, Clark, wearing a yellow erlenmeyer like a letter-day Perry Comm. confers. As usual, Neville is not far away, but is nonetheless conspicuous by his presence. Decried as the corporate fatigues of a three-piece suit, he is one of a host of aides who accompany the leader, settling round his feet like a deep nest. However, when Clark has a question or a suggestion or a request, Neville, like a mole coming up for daylight, surfaces. "Should I wear my rubbers today?" asks the leader,

PORTRAIT

The Alberta Vodka Tie Breaker



THE TIE BREAKER
Into tall glass with crushed ice
pour in 1-1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka
Add 2 oz. pineapple juice and
fill with club soda. Garnish with
slice of pineapple.
Now, that's a sure-fire winner.

Make it with one of Canada's most popular vodkas.

Carleton University in 1967, Neville worked eight years as a reporter for United Press International and The Canadian Press. Most of this time was spent in the Ottawa press gallery, "watching politics from the outside." He rose from the muds in 1965 when he was hired by LeBlond, following her through a health and welfare portfolio and her stint as secretary of state. "In 1967, Centennial Year, I think I spent the entire year opening arenas," he says. In '68, when LeBlond quit politics and Trudeau came to power, Neville spent a brief time with Paul Doherty (he may be best supported for leader), then surfaced as executive assistant to the finance department's Kilby Benson. In '69, Neville called it quits and went into private practice with Bill Lee, a former executive assistant to Doherty. Together, they formed Executive Consultants and made their money advising large corporations and trade groups on how to deal with government. But after a few years as a private citizen, Neville began thinking there was more to life than a six-figure salary and a home with a pool in the suburbs. In 1971, he crossed the party lines, went to work on the successful re-election campaign of Toronto Don Valley's Conservative Jim Gilling and hasn't looked back.

But he has watched his back. "When I worked for Gilling I wasn't universally accepted," and Neville. "Some people thought I was a Gert guy." In 1974, Neville sought public office himself, running as a Tory against Liberal John Turner in the riding of Ottawa-Carleton. To insiders and outsiders alike, it looked as though Neville had been poisoned of a political death wish. LeBlond wanted him not to run, but she campaigned for him. "That campaign may not have demonstrated my intelligence, but it sure proved my loyalty," Neville now says. He was defeated by 11,000 votes, and it was back to the back room.

With the Liberals returned to Parliament in 1974, Neville had not only blown \$40,000 in campaign funds, he also faced himself from out of a job for close to half a year. The Liberals were having their vengeance. Neville maintains that he had several job offers as an Ottawa liaison for various trade groups. "Turner phoned them when he heard this and told them not to even looking to Phoenix if they wanted any favors." It was then that the Tories intervened, offering him the job as di-

rector of research under Robert Stanfield's Interim government. "When he challenged Turner, everyone thought it was a pretty flimsy ploy," recalls Dalton Camp, the Tories' quintessential backroom boy. "He was given the research job out of sympathy to try and salvage his career. It took some talking to convince. He still wasn't altogether trusted."

It was as director of research, however, that Neville met Joe Clark. Two years later, and the day following his election as leader, Clark chose Neville to be his right-hand man. Even his detractors give him credit: "You have to admit Neville's not smart exp," said one. Here's somebody that starts off as a Liberal bugman and ends up at the top of the Tory heap. Of course, if the Conservatives lose this election, Neville will have made a few enemies. If they win, he'll have bags of 'em."



Planning the campaign with Clark, for his wife, cutting back to an 18-hour day

Back on the bus, Neville is speaking with reporters. His jacket is off and although his wife is threatening to ride up over his shoulder and off into the sunset, his white shirt is fearfully stained. About mid-Joe Clark, the man as whose candidate Neville is riding to power. The task, as Neville sees it, is to convince the electorate that Clark is a leader. Neville bet on that once and collected \$300 when Clark was chosen to lead the party. He's wagering a lot more today, and he is convinced the public will come around. That's his job. And Bill Neville doesn't like to lose—at anything.

"Bill's got a habit of getting his way," says Marilyn Neville. "I remember when we first started dating, we'd only gone out twice and Bill had told a friend of mine that he'd met the girl he would marry. I said to him, 'Why do you think you are?' Well... I married him."



There are two ways to find out how much it would cost to rebuild your home.

And the difference between them could mean thousands of dollars to you.

The first way is to consult your insurance agent or broker and use information available to him on building costs in your area. This will help you arrive at a reasonable assessment of the re-construction cost. If you have an unusual home ask your agent to arrange for a special appraisal or consult a local builder. The second is to simply wait for a disaster and then find out directly from the builder. Unfortunately this method could lead to a very unpleasant surprise. Probably you'd find you have greatly undervalued your property.



"At your lowest appearance in value, your insurance should keep pace."

Construction costs have risen enormously in the last decade. Only by periodic reviews with your insurance representative can you adequately protect the investment you have in your home.

For most people, a home is the most important single investment ever made. Isn't it worth the few hours a year it would take to adequately protect that investment? Private

insurance companies want you to know how home insurance works. And how it can work better for you. For more information, write to: Home Insurance Explained, Insurance Bureau of Canada, 381 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5H 3M2.



Insurance Bureau of Canada - Bureau d'assurance du Canada

Representing private general insurance companies in Canada.

The last words

Dear readers across the country: I must have been bewildered by Allan Fotheringham's column of geriatric diatribe at Jerry Goodin in *The Mack* who *dropped the Mack Peppers* (April 18). They must have wondered why, at this moment in our history, he would want to devote a whole column to picking on a man—here he can be his here, his physical station, ability to put ideas together—who simply runs an advertising company in Toronto. What your readers don't know, and Fotheringham certainly wants to tell them, is that Goodin wrote a long and thoughtful essay about the failures of political reporting in this country, and cited Fotheringham as an example of a writer who is driven by the demands of a rhetorical team which pushes facts to the side. Why I tell I should write you about this piece is that Fotheringham dragged me into it: "Michael Callaghan, son of Marley, brother of Barry."

Ironically, Fotheringham's column about Goodin proves the point. Despite the attraction of his virginate turns of phrase, there are at least five examples of simple factual mistakes that I am sure of in the column:

1. George Elliott did not reveal THE LAND-YESTER.
2. Goodin never administered a reluctant job-seeker with the question: "If you don't want to prostitute yourself, how come you're looking for work in a whorehouse?" (check the Goodin book).
3. Michael Callaghan did not write the *Toronto Life* article.
4. Cross-year-heart is a Playtex slogan, not a Wonderbra slogan.
5. Goodin traded in his Chrysler Imperial, not a Lincoln, on his new Cadillac.

Over again, Fotheringham has been a little lax about his research. Not only has Fotheringham never met Jerry, but he was wrong about me: I am not a chief servant, as described, of the MacLaren household. I am not even at MacLaren Advertising, haven't been since 1968. I do reside in the same building in Toronto, however, as do the CBC and a dozen other companies. I am president of Manul Communications Incorporated, an independent company wholly owned by its employees.

There was a mere scintilla of truth in Fotheringham's piece: I am a friend of Jerry Goodin and months ago he did tell me he was distressed about the state of political reporting in Canada and that he intended to make a speech about it. He talked to me because of my background in news services, the old *Toronto* newspaper, and as a civic producer. I have many stories to tell, it is true, but

I have been away from the business for a while. I suggested Goodin call Larry Zoff, an old friend of mine, to see if Zoff, a great poet in his own right, would provide some first-hand observations of Jerry's points.

Larry wrote pages of what he supposed would be material for Goodin. However, Goodin felt that only a couple of paragraphs were of use.

The copy Zoff wrote was not, as it turned out, the speech that Goodin gave. Since that time, as Jerry explained on his ideas, Zoff has been telling all who will listen that Goodin didn't write the speech. Callaghan wrote it. I did not talk to Jerry from time to time, Jerry talked with others with experience in journalism. The result was that Jerry wrote an excellent piece in *Toronto Life* taking all writers—like Fotheringham—who manipulate as reporters, but who merely chase out gossip whenever.

MICHAEL CALLAGHAN, TORONTO

Mr. Callaghan is superbly glib.

1. It is generally accepted in Ottawa and Liberal circles that George Elliott, as the MacLaren executive in charge of the 1972 campaign, was responsible for the LAND-YESTER slogan. An obscure copyright may have "snatched" it: he was responsible for it.
2. In his book (page 24), Jerry Goodin cries with approval how he could screen out job-seekers by sending them to side Al Shugman, who would test them with the "prostitute-whorehouse" question.
3. It was never stated in the column that Michael Callaghan wrote the article. Guilt complex showing?
4. It was never implied in the column that cross-year-heart was a Wonder-

bra, or Playtex, slogan. The phrase was applied to Mr. Goodin's ethics, not his haircut.

3. In response to Mr. Goodin's I'll mistake his Chrysler for his Lincoln, before he switched to a Cadillac—for ethical reasons.

Mr. Callaghan is mistaken. I indeed have met Mr. Goodin (and one of us was impressed). Also, if he will examine the *Toronto Life* article which he did not write, he'll find them to be a simple example cited of Fotheringham's writing, political or otherwise.

ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM, VANCOUVER

The old shell game

Have to Ken Trefick in *For the Budget* (March 18), for one, do not want a word spent on my funeral. A cardboard box may be used to "hide" an appropriate degree of respect, but an empty shell of a body is all that is left.

R. BARTLEY
RICHMOND, BC

'J'ecouse'

I was shocked to learn from the article *Telling a Long Constitutional* (March 18) that the federal government was paying Georges Fauriol's legal fees. As I see it, Fauriol's refusal to pay a \$5 parking ticket because it was not posted in French as well as English is nothing but a subliminal jab at the French heritage, he's wrong. I think he should get off his bureaucratic loop-hole philosophy and focus his time and energy on a real issue that may be even too late for him—national unity.

D.H. BLOOM, FORT BERRY, ONT.

Good stereo isn't just a price tag

REALISTIC®

It's a fresh sound, a "look again" look, a warm feeling that comes from components engineered to bring out the best in each other. And good stereo doesn't have to blow your budget. Want proof? Look into this Realistic "System of the Month"—full-bodied stereo, handsomely housed, attractively priced.

The key to the system is the STA-40 AM/FM stereo receiver, a supremely versatile unit that delivers a sparkling 15 watts RMS per channel. Features packed and loaded with extras, such as push-button loudness, direct coupled audio power amplifier, and tape monitor switch for 3-head tape deck. Even has a signal strength meter. \$1,395.

Compact MC 1200 acoustic suspension speakers produce "big speaker" sound, thanks to their 8" woofer and 3 1/2" extended range tweeter. Response covers the 85 to 13,000 Hz range. Easily handle up to 50 watts power. \$499.

Record powering LAB 53 charger lets you stack up to 8 records for non-stop music. Auto or manual operation. With magnetic cartridge, dust cover. \$295.

Hear this system perform today at your nearby Radio Shack store.

Reg. separate item price \$1,990
For May only **\$389.00**

System of the month
save \$70



Radio Shack

850 DIVISION, TANDY ELECTRONICS LIMITED
"That's what you want to hear"

Please check in effort of Radio Shack's stores and the mass market. Approved Sales Center (dealer) during May 1979.

All registered trade marks are the property of Tandy Corporation. Tandy Electronics Inc. is a registered store.

Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to: Mailbox 1, Box 1020, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2S5

Name

New Address

City

Prov

Postal code

My moving date is

My old address was

My new address is

I agree to subscribe to Mailbox's, Send me 12 issues for only \$19.95 (or \$19.95 per issue, \$239.95 for 12 issues, \$24.99 per issue U.S. & CAN. only)

8 weeks

12 weeks

24 weeks

36 weeks

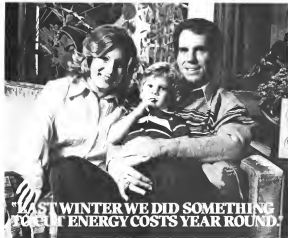
48 weeks

60 weeks

72 weeks

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY

For subscription to: (1) *Mailbox* and/or (2) *Mailbox* and/or (3) *Mailbox* and/or (4) *Mailbox* and/or (5) *Mailbox* and/or (6) *Mailbox* and/or (7) *Mailbox* and/or (8) *Mailbox* and/or (9) *Mailbox* and/or (10) *Mailbox* and/or (11) *Mailbox* and/or (12) *Mailbox* and/or (13) *Mailbox* and/or (14) *Mailbox* and/or (15) *Mailbox* and/or (16) *Mailbox* and/or (17) *Mailbox* and/or (18) *Mailbox* and/or (19) *Mailbox* and/or (20) *Mailbox* and/or (21) *Mailbox* and/or (22) *Mailbox* and/or (23) *Mailbox* and/or (24) *Mailbox* and/or (25) *Mailbox* and/or (26) *Mailbox* and/or (27) *Mailbox* and/or (28) *Mailbox* and/or (29) *Mailbox* and/or (30) *Mailbox* and/or (31) *Mailbox* and/or (32) *Mailbox* and/or (33) *Mailbox* and/or (34) *Mailbox* and/or (35) *Mailbox* and/or (36) *Mailbox* and/or (37) *Mailbox* and/or (38) *Mailbox* and/or (39) *Mailbox* and/or (40) *Mailbox* and/or (41) *Mailbox* and/or (42) *Mailbox* and/or (43) *Mailbox* and/or (44) *Mailbox* and/or (45) *Mailbox* and/or (46) *Mailbox* and/or (47) *Mailbox* and/or (48) *Mailbox* and/or (49) *Mailbox* and/or (50) *Mailbox* and/or (51) *Mailbox* and/or (52) *Mailbox* and/or (53) *Mailbox* and/or (54) *Mailbox* and/or (55) *Mailbox* and/or (56) *Mailbox* and/or (57) *Mailbox* and/or (58) *Mailbox* and/or (59) *Mailbox* and/or (60) *Mailbox* and/or (61) *Mailbox* and/or (62) *Mailbox* and/or (63) *Mailbox* and/or (64) *Mailbox* and/or (65) *Mailbox* and/or (66) *Mailbox* and/or (67) *Mailbox* and/or (68) *Mailbox* and/or (69) *Mailbox* and/or (70) *Mailbox* and/or (71) *Mailbox* and/or (72) *Mailbox* and/or (73) *Mailbox* and/or (74) *Mailbox* and/or (75) *Mailbox* and/or (76) *Mailbox* and/or (77) *Mailbox* and/or (78) *Mailbox* and/or (79) *Mailbox* and/or (80) *Mailbox* and/or (81) *Mailbox* and/or (82) *Mailbox* and/or (83) *Mailbox* and/or (84) *Mailbox* and/or (85) *Mailbox* and/or (86) *Mailbox* and/or (87) *Mailbox* and/or (88) *Mailbox* and/or (89) *Mailbox* and/or (90) *Mailbox* and/or (91) *Mailbox* and/or (92) *Mailbox* and/or (93) *Mailbox* and/or (94) *Mailbox* and/or (95) *Mailbox* and/or (96) *Mailbox* and/or (97) *Mailbox* and/or (98) *Mailbox* and/or (99) *Mailbox* and/or (100) *Mailbox* and/or (101) *Mailbox* and/or (102) *Mailbox* and/or (103) *Mailbox* and/or (104) *Mailbox* and/or (105) *Mailbox* and/or (106) *Mailbox* and/or (107) *Mailbox* and/or (108) *Mailbox* and/or (109) *Mailbox* and/or (110) *Mailbox* and/or (111) *Mailbox* and/or (112) *Mailbox* and/or (113) *Mailbox* and/or (114) *Mailbox* and/or (115) *Mailbox* and/or (116) *Mailbox* and/or (117) *Mailbox* and/or (118) *Mailbox* and/or (119) *Mailbox* and/or (120) *Mailbox* and/or (121) *Mailbox* and/or (122) *Mailbox* and/or (123) *Mailbox* and/or (124) *Mailbox* and/or (125) *Mailbox* and/or (126) *Mailbox* and/or (127) *Mailbox* and/or (128) *Mailbox* and/or (129) *Mailbox* and/or (130) *Mailbox* and/or (131) *Mailbox* and/or (132) *Mailbox* and/or (133) *Mailbox* and/or (134) *Mailbox* and/or (135) *Mailbox* and/or (136) *Mailbox* and/or (137) *Mailbox* and/or (138) *Mailbox* and/or (139) *Mailbox* and/or (140) *Mailbox* and/or (141) *Mailbox* and/or (142) *Mailbox* and/or (143) *Mailbox* and/or (144) *Mailbox* and/or (145) *Mailbox* and/or (146) *Mailbox* and/or (147) *Mailbox* and/or (148) *Mailbox* and/or (149) *Mailbox* and/or (150) *Mailbox* and/or (151) *Mailbox* and/or (152) *Mailbox* and/or (153) *Mailbox* and/or (154) *Mailbox* and/or (155) *Mailbox* and/or (156) *Mailbox* and/or (157) *Mailbox* and/or (158) *Mailbox* and/or (159) *Mailbox* and/or (160) *Mailbox* and/or (161) *Mailbox* and/or (162) *Mailbox* and/or (163) *Mailbox* and/or (164) *Mailbox* and/or (165) *Mailbox* and/or (166) *Mailbox* and/or (167) *Mailbox* and/or (168) *Mailbox* and/or (169) *Mailbox* and/or (170) *Mailbox* and/or (171) *Mailbox* and/or (172) *Mailbox* and/or (173) *Mailbox* and/or (174) *Mailbox* and/or (175) *Mailbox* and/or (176) *Mailbox* and/or (177) *Mailbox* and/or (178) *Mailbox* and/or (179) *Mailbox* and/or (180) *Mailbox* and/or (181) *Mailbox* and/or (182) *Mailbox* and/or (183) *Mailbox* and/or (184) *Mailbox* and/or (185) *Mailbox* and/or (186) *Mailbox* and/or (187) *Mailbox* and/or (188) *Mailbox* and/or (189) *Mailbox* and/or (190) *Mailbox* and/or (191) *Mailbox* and/or (192) *Mailbox* and/or (193) *Mailbox* and/or (194) *Mailbox* and/or (195) *Mailbox* and/or (196) *Mailbox* and/or (197) *Mailbox* and/or (198) *Mailbox* and/or (199) *Mailbox* and/or (200) *Mailbox* and/or (201) *Mailbox* and/or (202) *Mailbox* and/or (203) *Mailbox* and/or (204) *Mailbox* and/or (205) *Mailbox* and/or (206) *Mailbox* and/or (207) *Mailbox* and/or (208) *Mailbox* and/or (209) *Mailbox* and/or (210) *Mailbox* and/or (211) *Mailbox* and/or (212) *Mailbox* and/or (213) *Mailbox* and/or (214) *Mailbox* and/or (215) *Mailbox* and/or (216) *Mailbox* and/or (217) *Mailbox* and/or (218) *Mailbox* and/or (219) *Mailbox* and/or (220) *Mailbox* and/or (221) *Mailbox* and/or (222) *Mailbox* and/or (223) *Mailbox* and/or (224) *Mailbox* and/or (225) *Mailbox* and/or (226) *Mailbox* and/or (227) *Mailbox* and/or (228) *Mailbox* and/or (229) *Mailbox* and/or (230) *Mailbox* and/or (231) *Mailbox* and/or (232) *Mailbox* and/or (233) *Mailbox* and/or (234) *Mailbox* and/or (235) *Mailbox* and/or (236) *Mailbox* and/or (237) *Mailbox* and/or (238) *Mailbox* and/or (239) *Mailbox* and/or (240) *Mailbox* and/or (241) *Mailbox* and/or (242) *Mailbox* and/or (243) *Mailbox* and/or (244) *Mailbox* and/or (245) *Mailbox* and/or (246) *Mailbox* and/or (247) *Mailbox* and/or (248) *Mailbox* and/or (249) *Mailbox* and/or (250) *Mailbox* and/or (251) *Mailbox* and/or (252) *Mailbox* and/or (253) *Mailbox* and/or (254) *Mailbox* and/or (255) *Mailbox* and/or (256) *Mailbox* and/or (257) *Mailbox* and/or (258) *Mailbox* and/or (259) *Mailbox* and/or (260) *Mailbox* and/or (261) *Mailbox* and/or (262) *Mailbox* and/or (263) *Mailbox* and/or (264) *Mailbox* and/or (265) *Mailbox* and/or (266) *Mailbox* and/or (267) *Mailbox* and/or (268) *Mailbox* and/or (269) *Mailbox* and/or (270) *Mailbox* and/or (271) *Mailbox* and/or (272) *Mailbox* and/or (273) *Mailbox* and/or (274) *Mailbox* and/or (275) *Mailbox* and/or (276) *Mailbox* and/or (277) *Mailbox* and/or (278) *Mailbox* and/or (279) *Mailbox* and/or (280) *Mailbox* and/or (281) *Mailbox* and/or (282) *Mailbox* and/or (283) *Mailbox* and/or (284) *Mailbox* and/or (285) *Mailbox* and/or (286) *Mailbox* and/or (287) *Mailbox* and/or (288) *Mailbox* and/or (289) *Mailbox* and/or (290) *Mailbox* and/or (291) *Mailbox* and/or (292) *Mailbox* and/or (293) *Mailbox* and/or (294) *Mailbox* and/or (295) *Mailbox* and/or (296) *Mailbox* and/or (297) *Mailbox* and/or (298) *Mailbox* and/or (299) *Mailbox* and/or (300) *Mailbox* and/or (301) *Mailbox* and/or (302) *Mailbox* and/or (303) *Mailbox* and/or (304) *Mailbox* and/or (305) *Mailbox* and/or (306) *Mailbox* and/or (307) *Mailbox* and/or (308) *Mailbox* and/or (309) *Mailbox* and/or (310) *Mailbox* and/or (311) *Mailbox* and/or (312) *Mailbox* and/or (313) *Mailbox* and/or (314) *Mailbox* and/or (315) *Mailbox* and/or (316) *Mailbox* and/or (317) *Mailbox* and/or (318) *Mailbox* and/or (319) *Mailbox* and/or (320) *Mailbox* and/or (321) *Mailbox* and/or (322) *Mailbox* and/or (323) *Mailbox* and/or (324) *Mailbox* and/or (325) *Mailbox* and/or (326) *Mailbox* and/or (327) *Mailbox* and/or (328) *Mailbox* and/or (329) *Mailbox* and/or (330) *Mailbox* and/or (331) *Mailbox* and/or (332) *Mailbox* and/or (333) *Mailbox* and/or (334) *Mailbox* and/or (335) *Mailbox* and/or (336) *Mailbox* and/or (337) *Mailbox* and/or (338) *Mailbox* and/or (339) *Mailbox* and/or (340) *Mailbox* and/or (341) *Mailbox* and/or (342) *Mailbox* and/or (343) *Mailbox* and/or (344) *Mailbox* and/or (345) *Mailbox* and/or (346) *Mailbox* and/or (347) *Mailbox* and/or (348) *Mailbox* and/or (349) *Mailbox* and/or (350) *Mailbox* and/or (351) *Mailbox* and/or (352) *Mailbox* and/or (353) *Mailbox* and/or (354) *Mailbox* and/or (355) *Mailbox* and/or (356) *Mailbox* and/or (357) *Mailbox* and/or (358) *Mailbox* and/or (359) *Mailbox* and/or (360) *Mailbox* and/or (361) *Mailbox* and/or (362) *Mailbox* and/or (363) *Mailbox* and/or (364) *Mailbox* and/or (365) *Mailbox* and/or (366) *Mailbox* and/or (367) *Mailbox* and/or (368) *Mailbox* and/or (369) *Mailbox* and/or (370) *Mailbox* and/or (371) *Mailbox* and/or (372) *Mailbox* and/or (373) *Mailbox* and/or (374) *Mailbox* and/or (375) *Mailbox* and/or (376) *Mailbox* and/or (377) *Mailbox* and/or (378) *Mailbox* and/or (379) *Mailbox* and/or (380) *Mailbox* and/or (381) *Mailbox* and/or (382) *Mailbox* and/or (383) *Mailbox* and/or (384) *Mailbox* and/or (385) *Mailbox* and/or (386) *Mailbox* and/or (387) *Mailbox* and/or (388) *Mailbox* and/or (389) *Mailbox* and/or (390) *Mailbox* and/or (391) *Mailbox* and/or (392) *Mailbox* and/or (393) *Mailbox* and/or (394) *Mailbox* and/or (395) *Mailbox* and/or (396) *Mailbox* and/or (397) *Mailbox* and/or (398) *Mailbox* and/or (399) *Mailbox* and/or (400) *Mailbox* and/or (401) *Mailbox* and/or (402) *Mailbox* and/or (403) *Mailbox* and/or (404) *Mailbox* and/or (405) *Mailbox* and/or (406) *Mailbox* and/or (407) *Mailbox* and/or (408) *Mailbox* and/or (409) *Mailbox* and/or (410) *Mailbox* and/or (411) *Mailbox* and/or (412) *Mailbox* and/or (413) *Mailbox* and/or (414) *Mailbox* and/or (415) *Mailbox* and/or (416) *Mailbox* and/or (417) *Mailbox* and/or (418) *Mailbox* and/or (419) *Mailbox* and/or (420) *Mailbox* and/or (421) *Mailbox* and/or (422) *Mailbox* and/or (423) *Mailbox* and/or (424) *Mailbox* and/or (425) *Mailbox* and/or (426) *Mailbox* and/or (427) *Mailbox* and/or (428) *Mailbox* and/or (429) *Mailbox* and/or (430) *Mailbox* and/or (431) *Mailbox* and/or (432) *Mailbox* and/or (433) *Mailbox* and/or (434) *Mailbox* and/or (435) *Mailbox* and/or (436) *Mailbox* and/or (437) *Mailbox* and/or (438) *Mailbox* and/or (439) *Mailbox* and/or (440) *Mailbox* and/or (441) *Mailbox* and/or (442) *Mailbox* and/or (443) *Mailbox* and/or (444) *Mailbox* and/or (445) *Mailbox* and/or (446) *Mailbox* and/or (447) *Mailbox* and/or (448) *Mailbox* and/or (449) *Mailbox* and/or (450) *Mailbox* and/or (451) *Mailbox* and/or (452) *Mailbox* and/or (453) *Mailbox* and/or (454) *Mailbox* and/or (455) *Mailbox* and/or (456) *Mailbox* and/or (457) *Mailbox* and/or (458) *Mailbox* and/or (459) *Mailbox* and/or (460) *Mailbox* and/or (461) *Mailbox* and/or (462) *Mailbox* and/or (463) *Mailbox* and/or (464) *Mailbox* and/or (465) *Mailbox* and/or (466) *Mailbox* and/or (467) *Mailbox* and/or (468) *Mailbox* and/or (469) *Mailbox* and/or (470) *Mailbox* and/or (471) *Mailbox* and/or (472) *Mailbox* and/or (473) *Mailbox* and/or (474) *Mailbox* and/or (475) *Mailbox* and/or (476) *Mailbox* and/or (477) *Mailbox* and/or (478) *Mailbox* and/or (479) *Mailbox* and/or (480) *Mailbox* and/or (481) *Mailbox* and/or (482) *Mailbox* and/or (483) *Mailbox* and/or (484) *Mailbox* and/or (485) *Mailbox* and/or (486) *Mailbox* and/or (487) *Mailbox* and/or (488) *Mailbox* and/or (489) *Mailbox* and/or (490) *Mailbox* and/or (491) *Mailbox* and/or (492) *Mailbox* and/or (493) *Mailbox* and/or (494) *Mailbox* and/or (495) *Mailbox* and/or (496) *Mailbox* and/or (497) *Mailbox* and/or (498) *Mailbox* and/or (499) *Mailbox* and/or (500) *Mailbox* and/or (501) *Mailbox* and/or (502) *Mailbox* and/or (503) *Mailbox* and/or (504) *Mailbox* and/or (505) *Mailbox* and/or (506) *Mailbox* and/or (507) *Mailbox* and/or (508) *Mailbox* and/or (509) *Mailbox* and/or (510) *Mailbox* and/or (511) *Mailbox* and/or (512) *Mailbox* and/or (513) *Mailbox* and/or (514) *Mailbox* and/or (515) *Mailbox* and/or (516) *Mailbox* and/or (517) *Mailbox* and/or (518) *Mailbox* and/or (519) *Mailbox* and/or (520) *Mailbox* and/or (521) *Mailbox* and/or (522) *Mailbox* and/or (523) *Mailbox* and/or (524) *Mailbox* and/or (525) *Mailbox* and/or (526) *Mailbox* and/or (527) *Mailbox* and/or (528) *Mailbox* and/or (529) *Mailbox* and/or (530) *Mailbox* and/or (531) *Mailbox* and/or (532) *Mailbox* and/or (533) *Mailbox* and/or (534) *Mailbox* and/or (535) *Mailbox* and/or (536) *Mailbox* and/or (537) *Mailbox* and/or (538) *Mailbox* and/or (539) *Mailbox* and/or (540) *Mailbox* and/or (541) *Mailbox* and/or (542) *Mailbox* and/or (543) *Mailbox* and/or (544) *Mailbox* and/or (545) *Mailbox* and/or (546) *Mailbox* and/or (547) *Mailbox* and/or (548) *Mailbox* and/or (549) *Mailbox* and/or (550) *Mailbox* and/or (551) *Mailbox* and/or (552) *Mailbox* and/or (553) *Mailbox* and/or (554) *Mailbox* and/or (555) *Mailbox* and/or (556) *Mailbox* and/or (557) *Mailbox* and/or (558) *Mailbox* and/or (559) *Mailbox* and/or (560) *Mailbox* and/or (561) *Mailbox* and/or (562) *Mailbox* and/or (563) *Mailbox* and/or (564) *Mailbox* and/or (565) *Mailbox*



**"LAST WINTER WE DID SOMETHING
TO CUT ENERGY COSTS YEAR ROUND."**

"In recent years, we've done a lot of little things to try to save energy. Always with the same result. Our fuel bills have gone up anyway. So last winter we did a big thing. We put in a Year-round One heat pump air conditioner from Carrier."

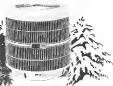
"Already the Year-round One has cut our heating bills. This summer it will save us even more energy on cooling."

"Currently we're building a new, larger home for our family. We'll heat it and cool it entirely with Carrier heat pumps. Given the energy situation, we think it's the only way to go."

"And given Carrier's expertise in both air conditioning and heat pumps, we think Carrier is the only way to go."

"Cut your fuel bills, too. See your Carrier Certified Heat Pump dealer."

**WE CAN'T CONTROL THE WEATHER
BUT WE CAN HELP YOU CONTROL ITS COST.**



802-1-800-CARRIER/3645

Letters

Other voices, other drums

I beg to differ with Allan Fotheringham's declaration, "Rich of the election before the first week of the blither is over?" in *Politics Interruptus* (April 3). Perhaps due to Fotheringham's vocation he is insulated with his salaries from Ottawa far before the unexpected electorate has this pleasure. The voters, however, being privy to only some of our representatives' schemes before the call to the electoral post, will now consider seriously their varied proposals for the first time in five years. Considering this 57-day "blither" that has finally surfaced and the political pundits soliciting our votes in order to control our country's future, the two-month election campaign is the least to which Canadians are entitled. My ear-drum will not be tolerating, but catching every promise.

RONALD H. LOCH
TORONTO

Maggie's Baggies

I offer a toast to Judith Thomson in her well-tempered article *Maggie in the Marketplace* (March 28). It could be Margaret's loss that she lacked the foresight to question release of an autobiography at age 30, her book may leave little room for her to surprise her fans in the future. As a Canadian attending a U.S. college, I am horrified, but not surprised, that in the U.S. Maggie's upsurge is more noteworthy and controversial than Canada's forthcoming federal election. To cover my embarrassment for Maggie, I have frequently called attention to the point that "Canada has Margaret Trudeau and the States have Billy Carter." This generally evokes a guffaw; it does not, regrettably, erase Margaret's indiscretion from anyone's mind.

GAIL BOSTONICH
NORTFIELD, MINN.

The national screen

Is his column *Blood, Flesh and Tears* a *Perfect News Story* Made, but *Where's the Twist?* (March 18). William Cassel was ladies' wit at *The National* for its in-depth coverage of tragic events while overlooking one major factor: what is *The National* supposed to do? Most people want to be shocked or held captive by unusual events. Even though it is the news, it still must be entertaining. And remember, *The National* does have to compete with other stations at 11 p.m.

DAVID ARMOUR
EDMONTON

Beefeater

When you have a taste
for better things



So smooth
you can drink
it neat.

Distilled and
bottled in London,
England.

B.C. poetry: off the page, onto the stage



It's the little things that count.

The Four Seasons
Edmonton



London • England (on the Park)
Chicago (Ritz Carlton)
San Antonio • San Francisco (CJW)
Washington D.C. • Houston (S&P)
Israel • Montreal
Ottawa • Belleville
Toronto Four Seasons, Yorkville
Toronto (Man of the Park)
Calgary • Edmonton • Vancouver

Call your Travel Agent or
Reserve Toll Free: Toronto 416-321-1001
Elsewhere in Canada 800-368-6882

I used to be that poetry readings were events held in drafty halls with stacking chairs. Poetize people arrived, and sat with their coats on. Right poets read, inevitably, between feedback shrieks from the microphone. But in Vancouver, a series of semi-public poetry readings, launched Feb. 28 and running until Apr. 24, has created that small, intimate and brought-out crowds closer to 1,000 each for non-transactional evenings at the Indian Cultural Centre, where the address was (spinach pie, quiche, drinks (wine and beer) and, where necessary, broken the poets.

Tomatoma. Steve McCaffery, one of the 28 North American poets involved, called the first event "the largest reading I've been to in Canada, not to mention one of the most beautiful ever." With their own comments on his poetry? "A few, but mostly people just dropped beer bottles on my feet."

The poets are an eclectic mix of 100 poets and dragsters (Ray Kiyooka, George Bowering, Daphne Marlatt, Brian Parnett), other Canadians (Frankie writer Robert Knutson and Ontario poet Callie Thibodeau) and a heavy representation from the San Francisco Beat Generation scene, including Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Michael McClure, who declared that "this poem Vancouver is a major poem, since it names lined up for the spring and summer readings include Margaret Atwood, Ed Mandel, Marian Engel, and from San Francisco, Gary Snyder, and the aptly-named Allen Ginsberg.

The series, called "Writing in Our Time," was launched by Warren Tallman, an English professor at the University of British Columbia, local patron saint of poetry and the centre of some controversy. The choice of poets has been questioned—where is Susan Merganser, for instance? Dorothy Lewis? And the bottle has raised some eyebrows. The series is a fund-raising effort to help the West Coast literary



An "open piece" by bp Nichol (left) and McCaffery: poetry with public surface

press—Tallman, 41, is a poet, literary critic, and Pulp Press, among others—which have been hit hard by grant cutbacks. Tallman hosted the 28 series poets relentlessly ("He even had his graduate students call me," complained Vancouver broadcaster David Kerfoot. "I was made to feel I would be a phillistine if I didn't buy a ticket.") The readings have created a solid community support for the poets, but expenses have been high, and it remains to be seen whether the poets will ever see much money from the event.

The series began with sound poetry by McCaffery and bp Nichol, both powerful performers in this exciting poetic direction. Sound poetry is what happens when language is abandoned in favour of voiced syllables, guttural cries, whistles, screams, coughs and posthumous. At the same reading, McCaffery and Nichol did a poem involving eggs, dropped from a ladder into a bowl, which are then soaked back up, magi-

1980 Omega

The Oldsmobile of small cars.



Oldsmobile took the small car idea and made it bigger. The new Omega gives you all the practical advantages of a small car, with almost the same interior space as a mid-size Oldsmobile.

✧ Here's how it was done: Front wheel drive with transverse mounted engine gives you interior roominess; combined with MacPherson strut suspension and rack-and-pinion steering, it puts the emphasis on traction and handling. ✧ Outside you've got the classic good looks, inside you've got the luxury and comfort of an Oldsmobile, all incorporated with the Olds tradition of engineering. The new 1980 Olds Omega equipped with a standard 2.5 litre engine and optional automatic transmission delivers outstanding fuel economy too. 8.8 litres per 100 kilometres (51 km/gal)*. ✧ Step up to the 1980 Omega.

Sized for the times. Test drive one soon.

Oldsmobile
Have one built for you.

*Based on Transport Canada approved test methods. Remember, these fuel consumption/expense figures are averages which may be subject to variance. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving, your driving habits, your vehicle's condition and optional equipment installed.

Great Wines from Italy Chiarli

LAMBRUSCO CASTELVETRO

A pleasing semi-sweet crackling red table wine with a distinguished taste that is suitable for most occasions. Outstanding with meat foods.

TERSIAN

A delicious semi-sweet white crackling wine with a delightful bouquet.



Canadian Agent: Sencro Schenck Agencies Ltd. Toronto, Canada

If you want
great in-depth
news coverage, read
Maclean's
If you want
great in-depth
opera news coverage
read
OPERA CANADA

Send Opera to the President/Chairman of the Board, Editor, or Publisher, appropriate coverage of the opera scene in Canada. See U.S.A. and the world.

Subscribe to OPERA CANADA. A year's subscription for only \$6.00 (\$6.00 in the U.S.A. and in other countries).

Please send a subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$_____. (Can. funds) payable to

OPERA CANADA, 366 Adelaide St. E., Suite 533, Toronto, Ontario M5A 1N4

Frontlines

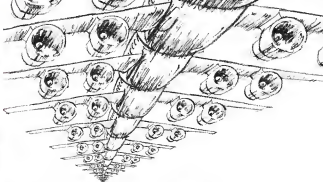


Bill Bennett delivering verse: a new crowd

cally remembered, to the sensation, "As the eggs get lost, the omelette gets more," (later suitably reversed). The audience was amazed, McCaffery alluded to the French philosopher Jacques Derrida's theory of deconstruction, and Bill poet-brother Frost sniffed. "He had the eggs up his sleeve." In fact, the eggs were scabbed in the folds of Pierre Nichol's voluminous velvet pants, but the important thing was that the poetry had public surface. "Without the humor," McCaffery says, "it would be lost as the audience."

The night-before poetry discussions, held at the east-end Scenics institution, were less successful. Robert Krutch broke his paralytic silence only occasionally. During a discussion of sacred and profane poetry, he suggested that the former was to be found only in beer parlors; later, in the Coal Hotel bar, he enlarged on the subject. It sounds like a losing time for Krutch: when San Francisco's Ferlinghetti, flummoxed by one word obscure to a large unit, exclaimed, "I love Canadians," Krutch put his head between his knees. "I thought he was going to be sick," said Brian Pavetti.

Three more readings remain. Meanwhile, Vancouver bookstores report a run in poetry, usually the slowest moving item on the shelves, like small presses are still poor, and poetry is attracting a whole new following—if not as readers, as spectators and participants. **Brianne Fournier**



SUMMER OF '79.

That's when CPAir starts offering you more flights, more seat selection, more convenient departures & returns & more nonstops than ever before.

Like our new nonstop rounding service between Vancouver (the only afternoon nonstop) & Montreal (the only morning nonstop).

And here are more examples: New, first evening nonstop from Toronto (9:45 PM) to Calgary. Starts June 4.

New nonstop rounding service between Edmonton (first afternoon departure) & Toronto (first morning nonstop departure & return). Starts June 4.

The last nonstops ever between Ottawa & Vancouver. Starting July 2. Only on CPAir.

Call your travel agent or CPAir.

CPAir

More than ever, Canada, we're out to be your airline.

Your friends at Holiday Inn
bring you the...

SEMINAR VALUE-PAK

At Holiday Inn, we understand how important it is for you to get the absolute maximum for your seminar budget.

So we've designed a special package to help you do just that.

The Seminar Value-Pak: one low package price, at more than 40 of our hotels across Canada.

And that's only the beginning. All Inns have other packages, too, that are even more extensive — or we'll custom-design a package exactly to your personal requirements.

The Seminar Value-Pak. One more reason Holiday Inns handle more seminars and business meetings than anyone else in Canada.

The Seminar Value-Pak includes:

- Meeting room
- Luxury guest room
- Two coffee breaks
- Pre-registration
- Use of all hotel facilities (eg. free parking, pool, sauna, etc.)

-\$1750*

per person of
participating Inns
Expires June 30, 1979

Holiday Inn®

Participating Inns: **Eastern:** Columbia Vancouver City Centre (Astorhouse), Vancouver Broadway, Alberta Edmonton, Lethbridge, Saskatchewan Saskatoon, Manitoba Winnipeg Downtown, Ontario Barrie, Scarboro, Burlington, Cambridge, Chatham, Collingwood, Cornwall, Hamilton, Huntsville, Kananis, Kingston, Kitchener, London, City Centre, Owen Sound, Peterborough, St. Catharines, Sarnia, South Bay, St. Mary's, Sudbury, Thunder Bay, Toronto Airport, Toronto West, Toronto Yorkville, Toronto East, Toronto Downtown, Toronto Don Valley, Windsor, Windsor Michener, Windsor Longault, Montreal, Pointe Claire, Quebec City-Downtown, Sherbrooke, Shaw's, Scott's, Halifax, Centre Quebec.

Holiday Inn, No. 1 in people pleasing.

The Red menace strikes again

By Peter Garike-Gordge

By week's end, the lights and roads were going out all over southern Manitoba as an estimated 10,000 residents of the flood-ravaged Red River valley flowed like a swelling human tide to the safety of Winnipeg. "If it turns out the forecasts are exaggerated, then we'll throw our hats in the air," Maclean's's Premier Sterling (Buck) Lyon told a questioner after ordering a general evacuation of the valley Wednesday afternoon. But as the week wore on and the surging Red River crept higher, narrowing towns after towns, it began to look as if any spare hats would be pressed into bedding service rather than tossed in the air.

The river—swollen by April showers and a fast thaw after the longest winter since 1906—is expected to crest in Winnipeg late this week, two to three feet above the dangerous level of the 1950 flood, which began May 5 (Black Friday). That drowning caused 4500 fatalities in property damage and led to the retreat of 207,000 of the city's then 200,000 population, leaving behind a stricken mess untidily dubbed "Canada's Bog" after premier of the day Douglas Campbell. The 1979 flood will cost untold millions of dollars damage in the 60-mile stretch of the Red River valley south of Winnipeg to Emerson on the U.S. border, but this time the potential capital itself is rapidly turning into a model of relief thanks to a 30-mile channel, the Red River Floodway, which was opened in 1980 after six years of building. The \$62-million bayside, nicknamed Du's Dock for Premier Duff Roblin whose government built it, safely channels 32,000 cubic feet of the engorged river around the city every second. With floodgates fully open it can divert double that amount. Said a weary deputy mayor, Bill Norris, Friday, after a sleep-short week of emergency meetings, "This is

the greatest test the floodway has ever had. The city should come through okay."

Despite that, Norris appealed for volunteers to help guarding 62 scattered city locations which may have problems when the Red crests, declaring that 1,400 homes might be flooded. City dikes can withstand a river rise 26.5 feet

the top floor of their home, from where they will continue to disperse.

Four hundred members of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry moved into the besieged town of the valley Friday morning to help local officials and police run dikes and prevent looting. Armed forces helicopters were brought in from Alberta to pluck people from rooftops.

If there was any relief for weary residents as they moved belongings to top floors, it was perhaps that flood talk had slowed out of action news. One Lang flew over the area Thursday and reassured Manitoba that Ottawa would not share all compensation of damage over the province had met the first \$1 million. After \$5 million, Ottawa has promised 50 per cent of compensation. Says Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had a firsthand look at the rampaging Red as he flew home from B.C. Thursday night, and Revenue Minister Terry Abbott belatedly announced that flooded Manitobans would have until May 15 to file income tax returns, or possibly even later, since fleeing people have been warned to expect to be away for two or three weeks.

Officials at Manitoba Pool Elevators announced the eleven-week may be a little late this year. They also predict that \$100 million worth of stored grain may be damaged by the floods and that 70 to 75 pool elevators would be totally out of when the river crest. Hundreds of extra rail cars were moved into the area last week to ship threatened grain, but the Canadian Wheat Board was criticised for sending too few tow lats.

Despite the sudden spirits, the agricultural still smelted fumes of hope.

"See You After Flood" a Marina gas station operator scrambled haphazardly before leaving town. And on Winnipeg's Portage Avenue, steel breached by a swollen creek, one boutique owner urged, "Let us say a prayer for the flood-stricken folk."

City worker Harold Miller patrols a Winnipeg street, moving appliances to top floors.

above the normal winter level. Predictions are that the Red will crest at 22 feet, provided no heavy rain fall. At Assinibois, 36 miles south of Winnipeg, Dick and Phyllis Heinrichs waited in despair as lapping waters threatened newborns than 17,000 laying hens, worth \$42,000. The hens aren't good for eating, and if it need would stop laying.

A little farther south at Morris, 15 per cent of the town's 1,500 population had left by Thursday night, but Bob and Betty Bartlett, who own the local drug store, planned to stay on. Anticipating that they, they shipped 50 per cent of their stock back to wholesalers in Winnipeg and are ready to move the rest to

Photo by [unclear]

Photo by [unclear]

By Robert Lewis

It is a time of antipathy against Pierre Trudeau and a new dawn about Joe Clark. It is a season when Ed Broadbent, a socialist in Pierre's Cardiac threads, main-street outside the Toronto Stock Exchange; when Cdnist leader Fabian Roy, political boss of René Charbonneau's farm federalism, hides his star in the Parti Québécois machine. It is an election of riddles, agony and anger. With three weeks to go, one of the few predictables is that the era of the free national party is coming to a close.

Little wonder, then, that last week two national polls placed Liberals and Conservatives in a virtual tie and the undecided vote at more than 30 per cent. True, the soundings by Gallup and the CBC were only snapshots of public opinion in the early weeks of the campaign, long before vote intentions took to jail. But assumed political backbones are unsettled. With the exception of the 1985 election—the heyday of the Pearson-Defriesaker feud—the undecided vote has not been higher in 37 years.

"The undecided," says veteran Liberal strategist Keith Doney, "are higher than in any election in which I've been involved." Says Conservative pollster Robert Tester, of Detroit's Market Opinion Research: "We're probably dealing with an election that won't be decided by more than two or three per cent." Adds 1972 National Campaign Director Robert Sears: "All I can say is that nobody knows."

All the more curious, then, that the 87th week of the long campaign centered on the issue of majority government. Pierre Trudeau started it all as he flew toward Winnipeg. Over a private meal of fish, steak and wine with To-

ronte Star reporter Mary Annagan and the CBC's Mark Phillips, Trudeau was prodded into sharing his "innermost feelings" about minority government. He mused that if the Conservatives fell short of the required 50-seat majority, and his Liberals are five to 30 seats behind the Tories, he would try to govern with a minority, backed by Broadbent's New Democrats.

The strategizing went down like slick oxygen with Billy Clark: "Dumb, dumb, dumb," whispered a Liberal official. "Typical arrogance," snorted Broadbent in St. John's, Newfoundland. "You can throw me out, but I won't go," murmured Joe Clark in Toronto, New Brunswick.



Posing on the blunder, the other party leaders postured. Clark said a Conservative minority would govern in the manner of a majority, ignoring both New Democrats and Cdnist. Broadbent insisted briefly that he is campaigning for a majority and once again ducked the looming reality: "Minority government is not on the ballot." For his part, Roy asserted in Châteaufort, Quebec, that he won't make a deal with minority Liberals or even throw in with the Conservatives in exchange for cabinet posts. For Cdnists in a half-hearted comeback, Trudeau asserted: "We are campaigning for a majority and we hope we will get one."

Any of the brave assertions of April, of course, could disappear in the harsh realities of May 22. For now, however, the leaders are leaving matters in the hands of the electors—a potential hurdle of 15 million which, variously, is befuddled, uncertain or just plain turned off. Historically, about 25 per cent of eligible voters do not go to the polls—and this time there may be more who don't.

Typically, William Harrison, 35, an Etobicoke, Ontario, office manager, told *Maclean's*: "I expect to make up my mind within a week of the voting day. Glen Archer, a downtown Toronto housewife, is even undecided about how to lodge her protest: "I'm rather disillusioned with politics and may not even cast a vote. No, I'll probably go and vote, but I might destroy my belief."

Vancouver's Peggy Smith, 32 and unemployed, voted Liberal in 1975 but now asserts: "It's either Conservative or NDP. I've been here and led off and I'm getting sick of it. I just don't think Trudeau is doing enough about it." Regina schoolteacher Don Gutterer is a fairly common quondary on his march away from the NDP: "I don't like Trudeau, but the only problem is, if we get Clark, it



seems like going from the frying pan into the fire."

There was more smoke than light in the two national polls. A CBC/Ontario Journalism survey gave the Conservatives a two-point lead among decided voters over the third and fourth weeks of the campaign. Conservatives 50.9 per cent, Liberals 36.4, New 16 and Cdnist 4.4, with 31.5 undecided. The monthly Gallup reported the Liberals with a five-point lead among decided voters after 10 campaign days (see Fabian Roy). Liberals 43 per cent, Conservatives 38, vote 17 and "others" two, with undecided at 32.

Anthony Westell, a veteran political analyst who supervised the Carleton study, readily admits that the possible three-point margin of error is the only poll means the persons are "weak and weak." But he says the results support a Tory victory because of big PC leads in southern Ontario and the lower mainland of B.C. Grins, meanwhile, cite Gallup as a sign of a Liberal victory, although the possible margin of error is four points.

All polls, warns Paul Mylen of Goldfarb Consultants Ltd., the Liberal polling firm, are "only a snapshot at a point in time of what is in the marketplace. It's still anybody's ball game. There is no election in the air."

Who are the undecideds and where are they going? Tester's numbers place them around 15 per cent, not 30. He is

probably right, since there is a strong correlation between people who say they are undecided and people who won't vote—"the Barbarians." It is the usage of one of the most perceptive bookworms in Ottawa. "They don't know and they don't care." In the last eight elections, the Barbarians have averaged 31 per cent of eligible voters. Hence a 30-per-cent undecided rate can, by voting day, actually mean a mere six per cent—which still can tip the balance in enough close races to turn minorities into majorities.

Then twitters and particularly new and "irresolute" voters—they vote in one election, but not the next—become a focus of the parties in the closing days. Often it is a chase that turns into a ghost hunt.

The history of recent political history are something less than reassuring. In a book published this year, four academics have, for a change, produced a useful guide to past voting patterns.¹ Based on a professional survey funded by the Canada Council of 2,562 voters after the 1974 election, 36 per cent of Canadians have voted for a second party at least once in just two years between the elections of 1972 and 1975, 15 per cent switched parties.

¹Political Change in Canada: By Catherine J. Fox, Pamela and Jean Jenson and Eleanor Gidycz. (McGraw-Hill, Toronto, 1976).

THE UNDECIDED: Where will they go?

It seems somehow fittingly Canadian that the switch-baiters have more than they lose, more frequently rejecting one party instead of embracing the new and downright North American that they respond overwhelmingly to the "personality" and "style" of leaders, not issues.

In 1974, despite conventional wisdom, only one and two per cent cited control and other economic issues as "positive" factors in a vote for Trudeau or then-Vic leader Robert Stanfield respectively. But 48 per cent cited "personality" and 36 per cent "style" as Trudeau positives. For Stanfield, the corresponding figures were 31 and 41 per cent.

But the study finds that new and "transient" voters can be more important than switchers. In 1974, for example, more switchers moved away from the Liberals than came over from other parties. But the Liberals broadened their capacity by offsetting their net loss of switchers with first-time voters and "transients," numbering roughly 750,000.

The challenge of the parties is first to turn them on—then the issue leaders. Judging across the last by per cent ad campaigns on television (see page 48) "They lead," says Westell, "not to be greatly concerned with issues. They tend to get more stuck in leadership. Victory in the end may go to the leader with the very high profile campaign."

Superficially, bushier-bushier, Trudeau has the edge. But the NDP is hoping that steering issues will boost its chances of getting 30 seats. The Tories, meanwhile, are betting that voters, after 11 years, will turn. Trudeau changed their perception of leadership and associate the problems of the country with Trudeau. As one reader puts it, "Chairman in new equation with erudite and toughness with driveiveness." But, as the follow says, "The entire country about Trudeau are every bit as down the jury is still out on Clark, although there is modest improvement."

Not surprisingly, then, Trudeau spends a lot of time attacking Clark and, as he did last week in Kelowna, asserting that "I don't see any evidence of a country that is going down the drain." But confronted by hecklers and hecklers' anti-French sentiment, which seemed to define him, Trudeau's B.C. swing was flat and low-key. Only at week's end did he seem to catch fire again, confronting protesters at the end of his world tour. Clark linked the question to the Middle East peace talks. "Certainly if the situation is then as it is now, we would not move the Canadian

Clark, meanwhile, tried to mock everything that Trudeau stands for, including his gaudy stage, as he posed, briefly, before a solitary microphone. The momentum of the campaign seemed to be with Clark who, stung by criticism of a Burns-wrapped campaign, held a press conference and agreed to debate the other leaders—as even which, in a tight race, could have a decisive impact (see page 28).

As Maclean's writer Ian Urquhart reports, Clark's strenuous responses on



Broadbent in Saint John, and worst of all, emerging signs of his success in Toronto

Quebec at the press conference brought him into heavy snare. In asserting that "Quebec cannot vote its way out of Canada," Clark broke away from positions taken by some of his candidates in Quebec. In a provocative remark, Broadbent said the hard line could trigger a civil war. Another controversial Clark position—moving the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem—was also attacked. Clark said the major foreign policy change was advocated by three candidates running in heavily-Jewish Toronto ridings. At a press conference last Jan. 16 in Amman, Jordan, at the end of his world tour, Clark linked the question to the Middle East peace talks. "Certainly if the situation is then as it is now, we would not move the Canadian

embassy to Jerusalem" because it could "take time" the prospects for an agreement.

Broadbent spent a rough campaign week. He was beset by bad weather in Northern Ontario, signs that the pro-sovereignty campaign by big labor is off to a slow start and, worst of all, emerging signs of weakness in Toronto. Accordingly, Broadbent scrubbed a meeting in at-were Châteauguay and flew to Toronto where, in the heart of the financial district, he announced a proposal to pay families earning less than \$30,000 up to \$1,000 a year to keep new mortgages at eight and nine per cent instead of the current rate of 11. The scheme would cost \$200 million in the first year but would self-destruct if mortgage rates fell below nine per cent.

Risking possible voter wrath, the three leaders threw off some promises in other policy areas. In Halifax, Broadbent joined the others in proposing a \$50-million bailout of the ailing Halifax shipyard but urged government control of the company. In B.C., Trudeau promised a \$4.5-billion Crown corporation to promote agricultural exports. In London, he suggested a meeting with the province to reform pension policy aimed at isolating people funds against inflation and insulating home-makers in the Canada Pension Plan for the first time. In Peterborough, Ont., Clark advocated spending \$500 million more to create jobs for young people, including a community good-works corps.

Creditable Ray, meanwhile, was up to his ears in Parti Québécois designs in the Lac St. Jean area. His touring was severely handicapped, reports Maclean's Quebec bureau chief David Thomas, that he promptly fired his advance man and benighted his organizers took to describing their new old-line Créditiste campaign as "they." But with Ontario showing fully 40 per cent of Quebecers undecided, the Liberal path for at least 45 of Quebec's 75 seats for a minority was still being threatened.

The CBO/Charlton poll also cast doubts on Liberal hopes for 45 seats in Ontario. But even the Tories conceded that their 20-point spread in the poll in southern Ontario is exaggerated, and is closer to eight or 10 points—still enough, given Tory domination in the West, to put the Conservatives within range of a minority.

Signs are Conservative official leaders are the landscape "People want a change." The question is, are they get a change with Trudeau? Can they choose a change with Clark? ☐

WANT BROILMASTER. THE ULTIMATE IN OUTDOOR GOOD TASTE.



For those who appreciate the finer things in life, we bring you the Wast Broilmaster Gas Grill.

Superbly crafted ingeniously engineered Broilmaster lets you entertain with outdoor cooking that's as boundless as your imagination.

Barbecue, broil, roast, smoke, bake, fry or stew. Permanent lava rock "coals" let you enjoy all the tantalizing aroma and rich flavour of cooking outdoors. Without all the fuss and uncertainty of charcoal.

We believe no other outdoor grill can top the

performance of the Broilmaster series. All for LP or natural gas. All affordably priced.

One complimentary buyer's guide will dazzle you with one exclusive feature after another. Write for it, and the name of your nearest dealer, to: B D Watt Co. Limited, 430 Wyecroft Road, Oakville, Ontario L6K 2G9.

Broilmaster
The grill for all seasons.

broilmaster

INCOMPARABLE



1979 Chrysler LeBaron Town & Country Minivan

The verve, prestige, performance of Chrysler LeBaron for 1979.

Spacious sedans. Dramatically sculptured hardtops. And a wagon that is truly unique. The contemporary classic Town & Country big-cargo wagon, available with the look of handcrafted wood.

The 1979 LeBaron lineup demands your attention.

And Chrysler has done so much to make 1979 LeBaron the right choice for

you. A new electric choke heater circuit means sure-fire cold engine starts. New Electronic Spark Control and a host more features are designed to enhance fuel economy. There's new style drums, 190. And just about every luxury option you might desire.

Experience 1979 Chrysler LeBaron. Nothing else compares.

1979 Chrysler LeBaron Sedan



1979 Chrysler LeBaron Hardtop

CHRYSLER
CRAI-D-LITE
New Yorker
Newport
LeBaron
Cordoba

The back-room boys decide to play a little one-on-one

The final decision to go ahead with the televised leadership debate couldn't have been reached in a better setting: a sleeping hotel room in Ottawa on a rainy Friday, a false fire-alarm siren blaring in the background. The fire alarm was at least in keeping with the week-long controversy over the debate—both were pretending to be far more than they really were.

The back-room debate over the public debate began in earnest early last week, when the three parties and three networks got together to hash at least one tangle. The issue was between the network press and the three leaders kept "with a conventional reach of each party" for 30 minutes—the Pro-Progressive Conservative party's reluctance either to share a stage equally with new leader Ed Broadbent or suffer the interruptions of the journalists. The Tories preferred a return to a 15-minute-old one-on-one format, called for three separate one-on-one debates and "no questioning period of journalists."

The networks offered a hastily prepared amendment, a two-hour show to begin at 8 p.m. on May 12, with three one-on-one "debates." Clark and Tru-



doxa to meet last, and with three journalists present "to keep them honest." As no network executive put it. But the Tories would not agree to the journalists' role and the Monday meeting broke up in anger. Fortunately, the executive Peter Harcourt suggested the parties try again five days later.

Within hours of the Monday fiasco Ed Broadbent was making national headlines by claiming Clark has "washed out of a debate." Whether purposely or accidentally, Broadbent's sides apparently suggested to tell him about the upcoming Friday meeting, so his interpretation was understandable, if incorrect. A confidential memo obtained by Macdon's shows that, as of the previous Sunday night, top-level Tories were reacting to a debate that

they were by no means as anxious as the Tories for a debate, according to Lawrence Wolf, the old-time behind-the-scenes "The debate is extremely important, critically important."

It only became critical for the Tories after Broadbent put Clark's back to the wall on Monday night and after the Wednesday Gallup poll indicated the Conservatives were five points back of the Liberals. Speaking to a rally in Toronto on Wednesday, Clark said: "At long last we've been able to get the networks to come to our terms and allow me to have a head-on debate with Pierre Elliott Trudeau." An aide added privately that the Tories were confident the networks would agree to drop the panel of journalists.

But the networks would not agree to it. The Friday proposals which were quickly agreed to were essentially "the same thing we were discussing Monday," said CTV Vice President Don Cameron. Not so, said representative Peter Macdonald, the journalists now "will not be involved in the debate. The situation now, he said, was 'ideal'."

Whether there was a substantive difference between Monday and Friday is a small point. "We don't care about one-on-one," said "one of the network executives." "We just care about getting the program on the air." Considering the back-room drama was seen by only seven people, and the debate will attract between an and seven million viewers, that attitude would seem the proper one. **Ray MacGregor**

Who pays how much to whom

While party leaders and local candidates battle for votes, taxpayers are scrambling for donations to pay massive campaign expenses. The Liberals and Conservatives each plan to spend close to the national campaign ceiling of \$4.4 million expected by the 1974 Election Expenses Act. For NOR has budgeted for \$1.2 million, almost four times what it spent on the last election. From 1971 until the end of 1977 (before Spence's resignation) the Liberals brought in \$12,171,721 more \$10,737,270 and nor \$10,681,103 but most of that has been eaten up in dry to dry opening expenses and funding headquarters during the long wait for the general election to be called. That means the parties must find in the order of \$6 million more to keep them by May 22 or shortly thereafter, to pay the bills for this campaign.

Where will the money come from? The new act, which requires public disclosure of donations above \$100 and tax credits of

up to \$600 was supposed to shift the emphasis to individuals, but all three parties still rely heavily on their traditional sources of support. The accompanying chart shows what corporations, the Liberals and Conservatives have been leaning on in recent years, and it likely will continue through this campaign. The non-harvested some big donations from union treasurers at past campaigns [between 1970 and the C-1 and it continued before the 1974 election], and, as undoubtedly expected, some big donations right now. However, the \$1,274,764 in union funds received from 1974 to 1977 came in relatively small amounts, most of it in private checkbook donations from individual union members.

Surprisingly, the New Conservatives have received money from corporations in 1977 they got \$189,910 from company donors including \$10,000 from Pits Engineering Corporation of Toronto, \$7,500 from the House of Seagrave's \$5,000 from Liberal Insurance, \$4,345 from Wood Group \$2,000 from Corby Distilleries and \$2,500 from the Toronto Dominion Bank. It had saved you the Liberals received just \$1,154 in total from public donors and the Conservatives a paltry \$432.

MAJOR CORPORATE GIVERS—1974-77

COMPANY	LIBERALS	CONSERVATIVES
Allen, Dean Thru Link Inc.	\$4,670	\$1,700
Alcan Aluminum	\$3,200	\$8,075
Algonquin Steel	\$9,280	\$5,400
Bank of Montreal	\$75,000	\$100,500
Bank of Nova Scotia	\$1,680	\$1,150
Bank of Commerce	\$1,124	\$1,780
Canadair	\$45,120	\$12,400
Canadian Motors	\$1,280	\$14,375
Delaware	\$100,000	\$100,000
Ford	\$36,750	\$47,000
Gulf	\$45,640	\$74,000
Hawker Siddeley	\$2,500	\$20,750
Ieco	\$7,390	\$77,340
Noranda Mines	\$2,400	\$4,000
Northwestern Telecom	\$5,818	\$45,400
Power Corp.	\$36,144	\$10,000
Royal Bank	\$2,800	\$25,000
Stelco	\$11,030	\$7,500
T. O. Davis	\$10,390	\$11,000

Quebec: the power lies along the great divide



By David Thomas

I happened halfway through the campaign, at the end of an all-day, outdoor rally behind the stone church at St-Raymond de Fécamp. As the crowd danced like the rays of spring sunshine glinting from the silver steeples, the Liberal party's chief Quebec organizer and Canada's party public works minister, André Gauthier, lunged for the microphone to announce to the dumbfounded onlookers: "A Chassemarée, a Chassemarée and Joe Clark are dead." While the blood drained from the faces of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's cringing campaign aides, the bawling Gauthier continued his job: "The two Orientals report to Saint Peter that they died of drowning. Clark, however, died of a heart because, I've just come from Quebec where the only people who wanted to vote for me were the Chassemarée and the Japanese."

These things were wrong with Gauthier's attempted jest—it was racist, so one laughed and it was false. Though the minister implied no true Quebecers would vote anything but Liberal, the party's apparent stronghold on the province is far more to be seriously disconcerted electoral experts than to blind Liberal loyalty. In 1974, for example, 1.9 million Quebecers did vote Liberal but 1.1 million voted against them. Trudeau's party managed, nonetheless, to snaffle 68 of 75 seats. Worse, the Con-

servatives gained 21 per cent of the Quebec ballots but took just three ridings while third-ranking Social Credit, with 17 per cent of the vote, won 11 seats. So, as the assembly plinks toward a House of Commons split along the line

Roy (top) and Gauthier: a stronghanded duo in a perpetually distracted system



servative line—English-speaking Conservatives facing French-speaking Liberals—the cause is not as much cultural animosity as a system that divides up power according to seats won, not total votes gained. The outcome potential is recognized by the Task Force on Canadian Unity which recommended in its report last January that 68 more seats be shared out among the parties according to their popular vote in each province—a form of proportional representation that would, for example, ensure Conservative leader Joe Clark enough Quebec cabinet ministers to steer off national unions.

More than electoral injustice explains Conservative perfidy in the province. Gift aided are historic injuries inflicted on French Canadians by Conservative governments, including repression of French schooling in Ontario and Manitoba and the hanging of Métis leader Louis Riel. And, unlike the Liberals who have had three French-speaking leaders, the Conservatives have never chosen a chief that could effectively be understood in the language of Quebec. Though Clark boasted in Regina that his campaign of French opened Quebec to the Conservative message, when he reached farming capital St-Hyacinthe a few days later he lectured his inquis as attempting to promote the French word for agriculture.

Beyond the high-sounding appeal for national unity, the Liberal campaign in Quebec steams with pork-barrel politics on a grand scale. In the small town of St-Gédéon, near the U.S. border, Liberal parliament removed a sign announcing that the community owns where Trudeau was speaking had been paid for by the provincial government. Inside, Trudeau remained his rural address that Quebec with producers an average \$50,000 a year in federal subsidies.

Trudeau's call, outside Quebec, for a strong central government bench somewhat under the weight of assimilation within the province to become an appeal for a strong, pro-Quebec central power. Quebecers, he says, "know how to play the game of federalism; they know it is important to have a strong government in Ottawa to defend them against the seigniorage minority." That argument fits with the Liberals' nationalist campaign slogan—*Plein Pot, Québec* (Speak Strongly, Quebec).

But, since May 22, Quebec's voice is likely to include a permanent squeal. Social Credit leader Fabien Roy, whose high-profile, anti-Ottawa cry is a dark call to Parti Québécois followers. Roy—whose then rock policy through short confirm two times too big and whose head tends to stretch forward like a turtle's from its shell—has no easy task in asserting his new pre-independence supporters and the old-line, rural Social

Credit, whose members remain the last and ardently federalist René Gauthier. Social Credit's grass roots go down in a wide band of dairy country running from northwestern Quebec through the St-Lawrence Valley from which, in 1902, Casquette gleamed up a surprising 26 Quebec seats. It's a memory that tantalizes Premier René Lévesque, who desperately wants to see Trudeau lose power because of personal antipathy between the two and because he thinks an English-speaking, conservative government would stop Quebecers from dividing their loyalty between Quebec City and Ottawa. Lévesque's open backing of Roy—and Roy's own admission that half of current Social Credit members also belong to the PQ—may alienate many of the declining, right-wing countryfolk who are the Credit's traditional clientele.

If anyone can fuse Québécois and Creditism into a winning coalition it is the 56-year-old Roy. A native of the prosperous Beauce region south of Quebec City, Roy is a former lumberjack and truck driver who built his professional reputation as a self-educated credit union manager. Elected to the provincial National Assembly as a Social Creditor in 1976, Roy split with the party and then helped form the ill-starred Parti National Populaire with former provincial justice minister Jérôme Choquette. Roy, who speaks no English and like many rural Quebecers drinks his beer warm, is an old-fashioned, crowd-pleasing orator, but not the mesmerizing demagogue that was Casquette.

Roy is the party's third leader since Casquette died in 1976 and, without Casquette, Social Credit floundered, losing one Mr. René Matte, an ideological light and another, Gilbert Bédard, an as ardent socialist. Given its organizational disorganization and the uncertain effect of PQ transformation, it appears Social Credit will do well if it takes down seats. But among them are ridings that Trudeau's Liberals are counting on to compensate for expected losses outside Quebec. If Roy succeeds in helping Trudeau sufficient Quebec seats to stay in power, he will have helped realize the Quebec-English Canada polarization of Parliament desired by Quebec secessionists. Should Roy hold the balance of power in such a Parliament, Canada's new government may find it impossible to govern without the tacit assent of Roy's backer, the Parti Québécois.

As the unity task force warned, the best way to avoid such a scenario is a rapid reform of the electoral system to reflect better the true strengths of the Conservatives inside Quebec and the Liberals in English Canada. Such a reform cannot occur before May 22. After that, it may be too late.

The parties of the third part

One-party dominance was poised to erupt prompts the emergence of third parties. Liberal-dominated Quebec certainly has no fewer than three house-grown "third parties" will be on the leaders' list in the province.

Most important is Fabien Roy's unpredictable amalgam of Disposition-born Social Credit and that child of the 1980s, the Parti Québécois. Social Credit is a resurrection of bankers and its streak of anti-Semitism still shows at the party's campaign opening, early April 22, candidate Raymond Paré was approving cheers with the line: "It is a lot easier to get money from the bank if you're a Dominican."

The no-federal Credit alliance provoked the first real split in the independence movement since the PQ came to power. A new secessionist party—the Union Popu-

laire—had nominated candidates in 54 ridings but was overwhelmed in 54 by the Liberal. Roy's bid by author Jacques Paré. Fighting as fifth leader election, the Bloc Québécois promises, if elected, not to keep any of its promises. Among them an increase in the wealth of Canadian currency by changing it from dollars to marks, the melting down of bulds to make spoons.

Quebec's third party is the whimsical Parti Québécois led by author Jacques Paré. Fighting as fifth leader election, the Bloc Québécois promises, if elected, not to keep any of its promises. Among them an increase in the wealth of Canadian currency by changing it from dollars to marks, the melting down of bulds to make spoons.

The Bloc Québécois (top) and the Parti Québécois (bottom) are happy to welcome in new





World

Who will have 'the last chance'?

Violence apart (see box), the British election campaign focused on the tired and trusted issues—the cost of living, the unions, trade unionism, and Margaret Thatcher's Tories led the field into the final countdown to Thursday's voting on one factor, paradoxically seldom cited, devastated all others.

By Anna Farnham

From the air they look like four fragile candles flickering in the middle of the threatening North Sea. But as the small jet sweeps over the Forties—the rich oil field halfway between Scotland and Norway—the candles suddenly turn into fierce 100-foot gas flares, the candlesticks into 60,000-ton platforms grasping the seabed 425 feet below. British Petroleum drilled out \$2.4 billion to put them there and already they have been rewarded with \$4.6 billion of oil. The workhorses of the United Kingdom's 19 North Sea oil fields, the Forties pump out 27 per cent of the country's needs.

To be out there in the wind-blown field, to see the little helicopters buzzing around the platforms like insignificant gnats, is the only way to give substance to the staggering statistics. As one BP public relations man, Peter Pith, puts it: "London still finds it difficult to believe this is real." But as Britain chooses between factory Jim Callaghan and fighting mad Margaret Thatcher, it is not without the powerful light from those candles which throws

into sharp relief the "good doctrinal fight" at the heart of this election. It's true that Britain is far from being an oil culture, and the much analyzed symptoms of the British disease still

Thatcher (above) and North Sea rig 'Oil allows us to ride out our wicked ways'

dominate campaign rhetoric. Is Harold's the imports tumble with a sinister and growing abundance as inflation swages the double-digit mark once again. Among the country there are the ongoing economic irritants—shoplifted clothes, with more to come, the doubtful future of British Leyland. As well, the British are left to find they are paying more to the European Community, even though they are one of its poorest members.

But behind the usual litany of complaints and worries lies North Sea oil—the great unspoken issue of the campaign. Put simply, the winner of this "watered-down" election, as Callaghan has dubbed it, will provide over a jump in oil and gas revenues from a modest \$543 million in 1977 to an estimated \$1.6 billion in 1985. By next year Britain will become the only industrial Western country that is self-sufficient in energy.

The differences between the main parties about how they will spend the money are at the heart of the never-ending debate about what should be done to reverse the country's long-term industrial decline. Callaghan's Labor party wants to subsidize the over-manned, under-served industry back to life (already about 400,000 jobs depend on such help) at a yearly cost of \$2.2 billion) and build a few extra roads and hospitals with the leftovers.

In other words, he would continue the middle-road policies of his three-year tenure which, Thatcher says, is labor-

ing Britain to a "nation on the side-lines." Her Tories instead want to pull the government out of the marketplace, sell off nationalized industries like shipbuilding and airports, reverse the threatened curbs on union power by cutting taxes for all and then use exorbitantly for the oil work incentive to return to the British worker. That, according to Callaghan, will simply result in a "free market free-for-all" and add another million to the unemployed. But the very fact that Britain has any responsibility at all is entirely due to what the Governor of the Bank of England, Gordon Richardson, calls "a stroke of good fortune."

Since the disastrous year of 1973, when the pound took a dive, inflation ran at about 15 per cent and the balance-of-payments deficit reached a horrendous \$2.6 billion, oil has been slowly fueling a modest recovery. Now the pound is strongly popular (rising last week to \$2.30 Canadian) and oil has contributed about \$1.6 billion to the balance of payments (which last year recorded a \$619-million surplus compared to Canada's \$5.3-billion deficit).

But so far oil has not brought with it the last-chance, now-or-never determination to convert Britain's underling into that many have hoped for. Instead of confidence there is a curious ambivalence about the benefit of oil. "Things are not getting much better, as people thought," says a leading London economist, P.T. Blackley. "All it's doing is getting less worse."

Lord Frank Kearton, the fiery head of the British National Oil Corporation, rebukes the concern of a rapidly growing number of businessmen who bemoan "The potential oil and gas give us in a chance to come out really on top. The chance is there. But by being there, it takes away the feeling that it is new or novel." Already there are persistent mutterings that the oil money—like the \$1.6 billion a year worth of gas—will merely "disappear into the system without a trace," as Kearton puts it.

Certainly, a strengthened pound and the first real increase in disposable income last year mostly resulted in a spending spree on Italian refrigerators and German gadgets. Car sales, for instance, rose 20 per cent while home car production rose a measly seven per cent. As Richard Parker of the National Oil Board puts it: "Oil allows us to ride out our wicked ways with impunity."

That oil has not proved as all-saving because in part due to the fact that, even at peak production, it will account for only five per cent of the GNP (compared to Saudi Arabia's 70 per cent). Blackley blames it to be a large, very successful industry whose products you are sure of selling. "But mostly the

Scotland Yard under a cloud

I wasn't in election race but the bad press slaying at Scotland Yard last week, allegedly by policemen spotted for the second time in a month the unresolvable truth that Britain's boldest, to longer enjoy the reputation. As suspected, they once did. Scotland Yard's Complaints Investigation Board (CIB) has yet to make its findings known but a witness says that Peacock was beaten by policemen with only cuts as he and 5,000 fellow Anti-Nazi League members and their media friends in a meeting of the racist National Front in Southall, a strongly Asian suburb, in one of a series of ugly episodes that revived electioneering.

The reported slaying was the latest in a burgeoning number of cases of alleged police wrongdoings in London. Only three weeks earlier they small-time London crimes. John Twomey and Patrick Carpenter, raised into for wrongful arrest and imprisonment against Britain's top cop. Dr David McKee, chief of London's Metropolitan Police Force at New Scotland Yard and near, was charged with neglecting 16 months in jail awaiting trial. Twomey and Carpenter were held by an old Bailey judge from tank-rolling charges when their defense lawyers claimed "massive fabrication of evidence" by police and producing a legal recording to support their case.

Other charges against metropolitan police and the separate City of London force—historic proud at its record—are being studied by Assistant Chief Constable Kenneth Ball, recently brought in from Dorset for the job. They include claims that some police officers helped organize armed robberies and then helped men with known records for the crimes. At the same time the city dubbed the "suburbs" squad" by right former members of the local squad.

Scotland Yard declines comment on individual cases but a spokesman said "quite a number of officers" are under suspension, adding that 47 metropolitan officers—out of a total of 21,900—are suspended on duty as a result of serious complaints.

ing down the ap eashier. "With the Massey-Ferguson tractor factory in Coventry (largest in the western world) at one point working only five days a week because of machine, we have no problem with Britain who insist things are not so bad. "If you're improving every year, why are things getting worse?" he asks.

In order to prove to himself that

The recurrence of corruption is particularly disturbing considering the purge within the Yard begun in 1972 by then commissioner Sir Robert Mark. He had got rid of 400 "bad" policemen by 1977, including some senior members who had produced pornography and numerous senior



Suburbs with 'suburbs' 'suburbs' have spread

detectives involved in bribery charges. Then McKee's personal son known as "The Hammer" was called in to replace him and ultimately the closure. Early in his reign, McKee used to quote his grand-nephew on laundry. It's dirty, it's out. "But he followed in a recent interview interview that corruption would never be rooted out completely. The reputation at the British police, it seemed, might be gone for good. James Fleming



there are, indeed, tangible benefits from North Sea oil: the average Briton would have to trek all the way up to Aberdeen on Scotland's wind-swept western coast. There, in one of the leather-strewn halls surrounding the old port, modern housing projects stretch out for miles. New greenhouses like the Orage Grieve display centre feed the locals here and help ease the heavy winter unemployment. And restaurants have replaced the old-fashioned tearooms.

Already, the industry has attracted young Scots to the ranks of high-paid workers who work the world's oil rigs. Altogether about 10,000 men have been trained, most of them in Scotland. But oil's biggest contribution is that it has brought a once depressed area into contact with a high-return, high-risk industry with a do-it-yourself, do-it-right mentality that has shaken up entrenched ways. Waves in all businesses are up (as are the prices of every commodity, especially housing) and mismanagement troubles are unveiled.

Ronnie Fernan, a big, burly third-generation Indian-Scott, is typical of the people who are making the best of the oil boom. He started an engineering company to service the pipeline five years ago, going into debt for £100,000. He's now doing \$4.5 million of business a year and drives the only Ferrari most locals have ever seen.

There are countless stories as well of successful businesses that folded because they couldn't compete with the big-oil wages, and many old-timers who resent the "secondhand" impression of the oil industry. But confidence is so palpable there that industry is in most other parts of the country.

Whether the "last chance" offered by oil will be blown by the largely demoralized by the party chosen thus to work to run the country for the next few years. The big question is: how many days or will Britain be the better? Will the system be finally reorganized to deal with that old legacy of gnomish workers who are overpaid, industry that hasn't been modernized, management that is underpaid, taxes that have become too onerous, and industries that should be quietly put to rest. Will the price for a more productive society be a less regal one? Will the voters go for a radical change by voting for Thatcher or a much slower-paced, conservative change under the smooth hand of Callaghan?

In the end, the choice may depend as just how much of a contrast oil has presented between a bright new future and the deteriorating present. To see it, the average Briton should talk to someone like 31-year-old Simon Burnes, an underdog driver who left duty farming in Devon to risk his life in the depths of

the North Sea where he came up to £70,000 a year. Apart from taking up day-person shooting and paying for riding lessons for his daughter, he hasn't changed his life at all. His wife and children still live on his farm while he commutes to Aberdeen. Had he stayed on the farm he might have earned £5,000 a year as most of his friends do. Even in his wildest estimates, he can never guess how much he earns and, embarrassed by the difference, he is careful not to tell them.

After that, the average Briton could travel to Bloomsbury Road in East London, past the gruffed storefronts and boarded-up houses. There, in the nursing home of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for children, where the greyed walls are peeling, the skylights on the floor are overflowing and the only welcoming sign is a bunch of plastic flowers which faded long ago, he could see the faded greyness of what Callaghan calls the "caring, sharing society."

Rhodesia

Was it a vote or a con job?

It was a long process: two days of counting more than 1.5 million ballots under tight security in case guerrillas attempted to destroy the votes from Rhodesia's first ex-man, one-way election. But in the end the country had finally selected its first black prime

This spring, the posters and banners went on rioting streets, much to the public's horror, leaving the hospital with emergency services only, in an effort to get their basic weekly wage of \$98 raised to \$144. In the union office, a local of the National Union of Public Employees, a small explosion in the hospital's basement suffled with deflated sofas and plastered with posters, 30-year-old John Clark explains how he supports his wife and two children on \$96 a week. This rent is included and so are his mortgage taxes. His children get free meals at school. They never take holidays. His friend, a 36-year-old porter, Dave Clark, has been trying to get a subsidised housing for well over a year and is now forced to move out of colonial London where he was born, just as his parents and 14 of 16 brothers were. Says Dave: "We'll never see any of the benefits. It's supposed to be the lifeblood of England. Well, it hasn't come down the years this far yet."

Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the dove-like American-educated Rhodesian, swept about two-thirds of the vote and 51 of the 72 black seats (38 seats are reserved for whites for the first 10 years of the new government).

As the results were being counted, there was an air of white surprise. The election had gone smoothly, the turnout was high and for the first time, they felt, they had "proof" for the outside world that blacks supported the racial settlement. No one was bothered to wait to change from guerrilla leader Joshua Nkomo that the election was a "hoax." But the bubble was quickly burst by a modest march closer to home. Rev. Ndabazingi Sibeko unexpectedly charged "gross irregularities" in the election, which he said had been "a gross mismanagement" by the government. There were no specifics, and to make it appear that the man known as the father of black nationalism in Rhodesia, who spent more than 10 years in detention for his "subversive activities," simply couldn't stand among a crowd, with only 12 seats.

But soon Lord Charns, one of the British observers, was citing mass intimidation conducted by the authorities and labelling the election a "gross irregularity." In Ottawa, External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson and Canada wouldn't recognize the new government and by week's end the 46 members of the African bloc in the United Nations were calling for an urgent Security Council meeting to consider a move to condemn the election.

Inside Rhodesia, Sibeko's charges led the government into an angry split. Prime Minister Ian Smith called an emergency meeting with advisors to determine how to handle it. But Muzorewa confidently predicted that the West would be forced to accept his government, although in private some of his advisors admitted much would depend on the outcome of the current British election. Only with the Conservative Party does the country have any hope of recognition.

Without the lifting of sanctions, Zimbabwe-Rhodesia (as it is now to be called) was likely to be as troubled as it was under white rule. And there was no sign of that happening. Under the reserve Secretary of State Cyril Vance said that as far as the U.S. was concerned any move to do so would only be made after President Jimmy Carter had signaled the fairness of the election, and warned Congress not to jump the gun. At week's end, Rhodesians were beginning to wonder whether the election really marked a turning point, as Smith had led them to believe, or just more of the same—indeinitely.

Elodie Wright

Spain

Dribbling up to fame and fortune

Lean, rangy Johan Cruyff is a somewhat of a soccer star on the soccer field and last week he signed a six-year contract with the New York Cosmos which should enable him to show a clean pair of heels to at least some of

the financial troubles that, along with recent about his lady-killing exploits, have dogged his footsteps lately.

The Dutch international superstar, 33 this week, really hit the big time in 1974 when he was transferred from his Dutch club Ajax to Barcelona. For more than \$2 million, Cruyff got 30 per cent of that and soon he was declared *El Rey* (the king) as his shaggy-looking helped the club win the Spanish league championship.

Cruyff spent a Swiss bank account, appeared in television commercials and demanded fees of \$500 for interviews



Smooth and friendly Morgan White

Pure, clear Morgan White. A great companion to any meal. Soft and smooth over ice. Make friends soon.

Copyright and bottling by government of Georgia



Muzorewa number crowd the bubble bust



Crayff outbathed on the grass, but...

about his private life. "People want entertainment that will give them a lift. I can provide that entertainment, and I don't see why I should not be well paid for it," he said. By last year, when he quit Barcelona, he had earned \$2 million from the club and well-paid advertising work may have put the figure up to \$5 million.

But the Spanish press was publishing lurid accounts of how he and his colleagues disported themselves at afternoon parties. On one trip to Costa Menca, a Mallorca priory allegedly sent along the harem ladies to Crayff's hotel—and he and them turned away. On another occasion Crayff was said to have been fazed by his wife, Nancy, herself something of a flirt, coverting less than respectably with female fans in a hotel swimming pool. Fellow Dutch star Johan Neeskens, also likely to sign for the Cosmos, fed the fire by leaving his wife for a Barcelona player.

But it was on the business front that Crayff's fortune really seems at stake. First with his father-in-law, Conter, then with a former Pierre Cardin male model turned wheeler-dealer, Michel Georges Baudouin, Crayff got involved in a series of (reprobate) business enterprises ranging from special arrange races to selling cars to Arabs. The result, a reported \$50-million debt to the banks and a nasty public wrangle between the three former partners.

The final blow, however, came from the Spanish finance ministry which threatened stern action to anyone unpaid taxes. Barcelona has accepted part of the responsibility. But that still leaves Crayff with more paying out to do, if any nothing of \$750,000 (Barcelona's estimate) lost through his business ventures.

When Crayff left Barcelona he swore he was no longer interested in professional soccer. But Cosmos paid him \$400,000 for first option should he change his mind. Last week he did so, for a salary somewhat smaller than the \$4 million he asked for, and now Johan Crayff will be treating North America to the magic that may once more have made him a millionaire. David Bald

Thailand

A new label for the same old wine

I took a certain gill, like stacking a card deck in full view of one's opponents. After his coup d'état of 1977, Thai leader General Kriangsak Charnad promised elections, after a year, and a return to civilian government. But well before the voters were counted last week, it had become clear that Kriangsak was taking no chances. On the eve of the vote, he appointed 238 senators, and one of their first jobs was to pick a prime minister so although he failed to secure even a simple majority in the 300-seat, popularly elected House of Representatives, Kriangsak seemed safe enough in claiming the right to form the next government.

This military rule continues, albeit with a new label. But there will be chances, anyway, to test the new government, for Kriangsak will find it almost impossible to push legislation through the House. This man with the greatest strength there, former prime minister Kukrit Pramoj, with 80 seats, has made it plain that his party will lend the government no support.

One of the most pressing in a series of problems the new government must face is the recent flood of Cambodian refugees. Since the weekend of the election, some 10,000 have streamed across

PHOTO BY MICHAEL O'NEILL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



the mutual border to escape the war and "new atrocities" by the Vietnamese-backed rump forces of Heng Samrin, the Cambodian leader.

On paper, Kriangsak's reaction has been to shelter all the refugees following an American pledge of more money for their welfare. But border authorities seem to have other instructions. They have been forcing most Cambodians back at gunpoint. "The responsibility is too heavy and American pledges take too long to be translated into reality anyway," said one army officer.

Another—likely stronger—reason why the refugees are being returned is to avoid giving the Vietnamese any pretext for crossing the border in hot pursuit of guerrilla forces. The Thai oil policy of being "friends with everybody" was feasible so long as Cambodia remained a buffer against Vietnamese expansion. But as the Vietnamese tank divisions drove up to the Thai border, and a pre-Vietnamese government took Phnom Penh early this year, all that changed. Cambodia's new leaders have become increasingly more belligerent toward Thailand—and last week's fence-digging in Cambodia made it seem that Thailand would find it almost paid to avoid being sucked into the conflict.

Such dilemmas are even more awkward since inflation is now 12 per cent, fuel reserves are down in a two-month supply and coastal funds are leaving the country for safer havens. As a number of veterans in Thai politics have observed, the problems seem too numerous for any government—and certainly thus far for one which lacks sufficient elected mandate. In this form it could mean just another military coup d'état.

David Bald



U.S.A.

A balding eagle in full flight

By William Lowther

President Jimmy Carter changed the man in his hair—from the right side to the left—and flew up to New Hampshire last week to campaign for re-election a full 10 months before voting day. But his new look, styled to hide an expanding bald patch, could not cover up the worry that is evident in such an early start as the trait. Carter is in trouble and he knows it.

At the weekend the headlines chided his mood; productivity was down, inflation so far this year up to a five-year high of 13 per cent—and the struggle seems limitless treaty with the Soviet Union was in difficulty with the senators. In short, major concerns at home and abroad were in bad shape. So Carter needed an early start at finding friends for next year's bid for a second four-year term and New Hampshire was chosen as the state with the first presidential primary, in late February. The winner there is marked as the front-runner and, historically, nearly always wins his party's nomination. So the primary has a psychological

importance far above its relevance.

The visit also gave the president a chance to test his old charm—and a new lie. He was the primary in 1976 as a Washington outsider ready to shake up the capital and get things done. Last week he had another potential winner: "the senator's insider." He played the role almost flawlessly. The top point of the trip was a town meeting in the auditorium at Portsmouth State High School. Carter took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and vowed the 1,200-strong audience with all his old sincerity and folksy touch.

One particularly naggy stationer nearby brought the house down. Said Carter: "Most of the time when we read the newspapers or see the evening television or listen to the radio, what we hear about are the current problems. . . . What we don't hear enough about is the solid, stable, superb strength of a great nation." It would never have done in New York or Washington but it did not fail in the state.

Carter had not lost his touch with questioners either. A little girl put her hand up and he went right over to her. "Does Any bag because you are the

president of the United States?" she asked. No, said Carter when the laughter died away, nearly she had to apologize for it. Then came the possibilities. "But after I arranged the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, that day she climbed into bed with me and said, 'Daddy, I am proud that you are my father and I am proud that you are president.'" He scored a lot of points with that one.

There were angry questions, though, about inflation, the fuel crisis and nuclear power plants, and Carter will have to improve on his platitudes in these areas—in effect he must ask people to grin and bear it—before the primary. The day before Carter's arrival, a statewide poll gave Senator Edward Kennedy a 24-1 margin over the president among registered Democrats, and there is a growing movement to make Kennedy a "write-in" candidate.

Nor did it help Carter that a few days before he arrived in New Hampshire his former speech writer, James Fallows, published an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* in which he said that his old boss had no clear philosophy and was unwilling to make difficult choices. Wrote Fallows: "Carter's wilful ignorance . . . could—to me—be explained only by a combination of arrogance, complacency and—dread thought—insecurity at the core of his mind."

Strong stuff that, and there was more to come. As the president returned to Washington he was sped on his way by another blast of cold air, this time from Senator John Durkin, a New Hampshire Democrat. Said Durkin: "If New Hampshire runs out of heating oil next winter, if the energy problem has not been dealt with, then anyone can bet that Carter will be the first president to be buried in a snowdrift." ☐

Jekyll and Hyde on the hillside

Medical experts say he has half a million personalities, some good, some bad. But Los Angeles cops decided last week it was the Mr. Hyde rather than the Dr. Jekyll in Kenneth A. Bianchi that interested them. Announcing that they had caught the notorious Hillside Strangler, the city's police chief, Duane Gans, said Bianchi would be charged with at least 20 of the 33 murder victims. The victims, all young women, were found sprayed naked on the slopes of the Hollywood hills.

Gans's statement followed one of the most extensive and expensive murder



who grew up in Rochester, New York, Blanche studied police work at a local community college and told his friends he wanted to be a sheriff. But although he applied to many police departments he was always turned down—the nearest he ever got was security guard—and in all he had 11 jobs in seven years.

From Rochester, Blanche moved to Los Angeles where his period of residence (1976 to 1978) nearly straddles the Blaine Strangler slayings, the last of which took place in February last year, three months before Blanche moved to Washington state. He is now in jail there charged with murdering two women students at Western Washington University, having pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity. A defense psychiatrist says he has a "severe multiple personality" and may have an organic brain disorder.

Los Angeles police first became interested in Blanche after his arrest in Washington. He had been living in apartment near where two of the stranger's victims lived and he worked as a title insurance officer in the same place as a third victim. Glavin says the stranger may have had help in some of the murders and police are also interested in Blanche's cousin, Angelo Blanche, 41. Police say they have found "hard physical evidence" linking him to the crimes.

But if they have, it is too late for the victims' families, police were told six months ago that Blanche was the stranger. But that by one of his victims, who never followed up that claim, the two girls from Washington state might still be alive today.

Blanche: a wall of opinion back to hanging

The men who came to dinner

The voyage of the USS *Porpoise* was far from stormy indeed. It will sail for Captain Eugene Haslam and his 100-strong crew. But this doubled mission now known as "Operation Big Claw" throughout the navy last week was the subject of a never told story which could turn out to have some incredible results.

It all began on a clear, calm day some months ago when the *Porpoise*, a submarine rescue ship, left her home port of Charleston, South Carolina, on a high-tech mission. About 100 miles off the Rhode Island coast, Haslam was on the bridge when a lobster fisherman's boat was sighted.

What happened next was passed together by a naval investigation, whose version was given to the fact that Haslam had reported, immediately ordered his executive officer Lieutenant Michael Taveras on



deck to divert the ship into the lobster lines. Then while a seaman kept watch the rest of the crew spent his next three hours hauling up the pots and serving the contents all to the gallery.

In all about 50 were eaten but someone was clearly dissatisfied. When the *Porpoise* returned to base a complaint was made to the authorities. The ship was searched and while the possible evidence had disappeared, several items were found by Newport Rhode Island detective Mark R. Ek—were found and brought back.

The *Porpoise* is now considering his claim for \$10,000 compensation along with a recommendation that Haslam and Taveras be court-martialed on charges of piracy, violation of federal law (that of shillfish) and violation of a general order by taking the *Porpoise* from its assigned mission. It will announce its decisions later this month in the meantime to award the captain the Medal of Merit have been scrapped. Said a Pentagon source: "This sort of prank gives the Navy a bad name. Every fisherman who loses his catch will be saying we cheated him."

Wilson

Johnny Miller

1000

Moisture resistant for a firm grip

Irons are investment cast of the highest quality stainless steel

Cork and rubber composition grip

Ultra-light steel shafts with Power Groove to reduce torque

Medium flex

New Ebony Iord finish on woods for deeper, harder, longer lasting good looks

Fore-weighted for better control, squarer impact and greater distance

Toe, heel and sole weighting for a wider sweet spot, a more effective hitting area

Genuine laminated Maple, Clima-Gard treated to repel water

Reg. \$349.95, 11-club set incl. 1, 3, 5 woods, 3-9 irons, pitching wedge

Sale ends May 12th, while quantities last. Available at most Sears Retail stores.

Save '50. Sears Johnny Miller '1000' investment cast clubs by Wilson. Our finest, now priced at only 299⁹⁸



Our finest quality has a label of its own. Sears Best



Sears

Singapore-Sears Limited

Johnny Miller, member of Sears Sports Advisory Council... winner of many world-wide professional golf events! His sign of approval ensures you of top quality and value.





People

It's a modern China, where things go better with Coke, could Bugs Bunny be far behind? Or was that Herbie Hubert leaping along the Great Wall? Or was it Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder of Denver, Colorado? Back in Washington D.C. last week from a congressional junket to China, she indignantly denied a report by The Associated Press that she had frisked on the wall while dressed head-to-toe in a white rabbit costume with large ears and entertained the attractive, 38-year-old Schroeder admitted she had indeed rented a rabbit costume in Washington, taken it with her to Peking and sported it in her hotel dining room and later at an American embassy function. "To amuse American families in China and remind them about the Easter bunny." But she baffled that hopping the wall in it would have been "in bed with it. I don't know where that came from. People ought to give me credit for having enough sense not to wear that bunny thing up to the wall." What else is up, Doc?

Fired for undisclosed reasons? In the rather careful way the movie *Twentieth Century-Fox* are referring to the dismissal of *Pine Bluff* director Bob Rafelson who was canned last week during the shooting of *Brubaker*, a prison movie starring *Robert Redford*. But it appears that the reasons were more indirect than understood. For a start, after only seven days of shooting on location in Columbus, Ohio, Rafelson was four days behind schedule. That, in itself, is not a firing offense, but was serious enough to warrant a visit to the set by Twentieth Cen-

terford's less leading role as the warden.

American relations by appearing in a shock film but, on the other hand, he will be paid a double fee for his performance. And, of course, there's always the consolation that should Nixon "messup" any of his lines, they can all be retaped with the public none the wiser.

Film buffs over 50 will remember her as the hysterical 16-year-old who made her movie debut as the mentally disturbed lover of *Karl Lanza* in *Dumb and Dumber*. It was a great start, but after one flawless performance, the name *Jane Fonda* seemed to slip from the margins and out of public view. Now, 35 years later, Margolin is back on the silver screen co-starring with *Ray Schacter* (*Clash*) and *Christopher Walken* (*The Door*). Her second debut is no taller than her first. Playing a warden with a fur for a voice, Margolin brings one another victim to a soggy and by drowning him in a bathtub. Although she no longer fears another 16-year-old in between movies, she's a little concerned about being typecast. "Already

Margolin, hand to God another bathroom



Despite the fact he was the first U.S. president ever forced to abandon the office, *Richard Nixon* has been given a chance to clean up his reputation as a bad actor. Nixon has been offered the role of a U.S. president who is abducted from a Peking bathroom stall (while studying the Chinese graffiti) and replaced by a genetically engineered double. "We feel that Nixon would be just perfect for the part," says Harry Hype, a producer of CBS Productions' *Falcon's* *Ultimate*. "A friend of the Nixon family has encouraged us to submit the script to the president." As an originator of Peking diplomacy, Nixon may not want to jeopardize his contributions to the advance of Sino-



I've received a couple of letters from powerful women murderers," she says. "But I'm not interested right now." It's just as well, it might be difficult to find her another bathroom.

There are times when *Glenn*'s glitter girl *Glenn* Gaynor spins her chart-topping single *Wall Street* is more a personal anthem to her durability than a measure of her success. Take last week, for example. When she arrived in Toronto to the midst of a 45-city tour with the New York group *Wings* Pease, she was already suffering from chronic tonsillitis. When she showed up to tape a TV pilot for a new Canadian-produced *Barbians* (a new variety show she found the instrumental tracks for her vocals had been recorded by local musicians at the wrong tempo. Then she had to listen all her own for the taping in only one rush-through and ended up competing for camera time with 20 dancers-cum-musicians (including *Vanessa* *Harwood* from the *National Ballet*). To top it all off, a local reviewer described her in print as "hunching across the stage like a wounded

Cavell, would he parade in a towel?

water buffalo." Embarrassed as she was, she vowed to "punch that creep out" if she ever meets him.

Having firmly established himself as the thinking man's talk-show host, *David Dallas*, whose televised tête-à-têtes with the highbrows and the mighty have earned him a spot as a cultural hero, has also bagged him a couple of roles in the movies. After making his cinematic debut as a laid-back but frisky TV interviewer in *Amos* *Blatt*, 42-year-old Dallas recently completed another movie-making assignment in *Peck* *Art* *Altman*'s yet-to-be-released *Mask*. Once again, he's cast as a talk-show host. Although Dallas's on-air behavior is a combination of wit and urbane, according to *Altman*'s costar *Alan* *Nichols*, the man behind the mic can be a monster. Nichols, who has co-written script, music and lyrics and acted in various *Altman* movies, offers this caveat: "Everybody found Dallas irritating and grating. He's an arrogant guy, an insouciant guy, would goads around in his loved to get across." What does Nichols believe to be the deep-seated psychological problem afflicting the host with the most? "He's short."

Last summer Dr. Peter Borne, the controversial former chief adviser on health and drug abuse to U.S. President Jimmy Carter, thought life was "a little bit unfair." He had been forced to resign from his \$10,000-a-year position in disgrace after giving a young female vice a prescription made out in a phony name for the tightly controlled drug Quaalude, a popular tranquilizer among the drugie set. Although he never faced criminal charges, the British-born psychiatrist and close friend of the president was reprimanded publicly last December by the state medical board in Georgia where he holds his license to practice. But now, after a year in Nowhereville, Borne has been reinstated—and here again. He has been hired by the United Nations, at a salary not less than \$50,000, to be in place a major UN project for development and conservation of worldwide water resources. While UN officials deny the Carter administration pressured them to hire Borne, they admit he has "no expertise" in water conservation, and that he was recommended for the job by the U.S. State Department because he is "versed in dealing with the bureaucracy." It still pays to have friends in high places.

Edited by Jane O'Hara

Gaynor just like a wounded water buffalo





Ranger Mike Morris (left) smashes Wayne Gretzky. The toughest ticket is lower

in!" and the Rangers are still playing in May.

Across from Teets Shor's laconic the "Garden," Madison Square, a concrete, steel-and-glass bazaar is open as big business. Its tiled promenade, sweet-sounding escalators, plush lounges and restaurants, padded seats and cathedral-like interior bespeak "first class." For hockey it renders passenger 17,000 patrons, four decades in T-shirts adorned by the corporate executive in their tax-write-off blocks of seats. Yellow cabs stream around its four sides, just out of hitting distance, in the shadow of skyscrapers and the Empire State Building, a relatively safe way to see it. It's a maze of foot, car, cab, car or train, to Nassau County.

Through the tunnel, along the parkway or expressway, through the Astor Barclay block of Queens, past the factories and freeways, the trees finally converge near the media of the American dream—upper-middle-class suburbia. In a greenbelt past golf courses where the terminal vertical is broken only by exit signs, in a vast open field, stands the Nassau Coliseum, home of the Islanders—three rows for thousands of parking spaces for the suburban second car.

The last time two New York teams contested anything more important than a mayor's chair was 1836, when "Iron Horse" took on the "Bronx Bombers" and a city and family were divided for seven game days in what baseball calls the World Series. Then it was the Dodgers—Brose, Robinson, Pohlman—brought back to the field against the Yankees—Martha, Ford, Berry—from exiled Yankee Stadium. The fans rallied back and forth between games on a short subway ride, giving the series its name—the Subway Series. The Yankees won.

They're calling this one not only the Series of the Century, because New York barely noticed the Soviets coming for the Challenge Cup, but the LHS Series (Long Island Rail Road) and the LHS Series. The Rangers, under management, live in the city. They're the street-wise guys who can't see in the barn and at Stadium 54. The Islanders are the madcaps, now-the-lawns-of-Saturday types, transcendental moderators clapped for by escapism from the bright lights, happily misperceived and comatose.

"I prefer to be here on the island," big-name Clark Gable, the Islanders' captain was saying before the series. "I don't know about all the confusion and fast pace in the city. I'd just as soon leave all that Broadway publicity stuff

KODACOLOR 400 FILM

Morning, Noon and Candlelight.

Whatever the light, whatever the mood, Kodacolor 400 will capture the moment on film.

It's simple. If you can see an image through the viewfinder, you can take the picture, providing the camera is equipped with an *f/2* lens or faster. Indoors, outdoors, in high light, low light, dawn to dusk. Excellent results under all types of lighting situations without the use of filters.

Be it the first rose of summer or the finish line of a sports car race,



Kodacolor 400 color negative film excels. Its high-speed 400 ASA rating lets you increase shutter speed to capture every fleeting moment. In sharp, fine-grain, full-color prints Kodacolor 400 film. Remarkably fast. Remarkably versatile. Available in 135 and 35mm sizes.

Now you can picture it. Any time of the day.



Sports

East side, west side, all around the town

By Harold Gurm

The metaphors dot the night along Broadway, off Broadway, and off-off Broadway. First-time movies vie for attention with the nightwalkers in Times Square. The Metropolitan Opera, Carnegie Hall and Radio City Music Hall trumpet ads on radio taxi billboards and the Yankees are fighting again.

In the metropolis that lingers stickers and Mayor Ed Koch want everyone to love, there are always "tough tickets." But this spring, this long-overdue class to the season that started last September, the "toughest ticket is town" is for... hockey.

From Westchester to the Bowery, Queens to Manhattan, Nassau County to Brooklyn, the Big Apples are talking and looking like never before over a game that has been here for more than 50 years. Back in the mid-'20s, New York was home to the Americans and Rangers in the National Hockey League. The Americans had faded into oblivion by 1943 and in terms of the league's championship, so had the Rangers. They had captured the hockey of basketball and football fans under Lester Patrick and won their third and last Stanley Cup in 1940. Centre stage in the "wonderful town" was taken over by the Giants, Dodgers,

Kracks and Yankees, by proclamation. Now, suddenly, New Yorkers have their sporting game back in the spotlight.

Seven years ago, the NHL, seated through the tunnels under the Hudson River and washed up in Nassau County on Long Island Renaissance of the laughable, lovable New York Mets of baseball, the Islanders covered into the venerable bones of hockey and left with a police 12 victories and a reported 60 defeats. Meanwhile, downtown, the Rangers continued themselves with solid attendance figures, the old faithful to Red Gilbert, memories of Andy Bathgate, Cassie Henry, Gump Worsley and friends, and booked the \$4 million the Islanders had to pay them for rarely moving into the neighborhood.

But a funny thing happened while Montreal was winning three Stanley Cups. The Islanders put together a collection of brilliant draft choices and the Rangers were purchased by a free-spirited corporation. With Denis Pate, Mike Bossy, Chris Resch, Bryan Trottier et al., the Islanders reversed the wins and losses columns and finished first this year, a point ahead of Los Angeles. The Rangers went to Winnipeg and came back with a couple of new-millennium immigrants from Sweden and to Philadelphia, returning with Professor Fred Shero. Just a decade later, the Mets seem less "am-



Bonus Savings and Personal Chequing. Two accounts that work successfully together.

Bonus Savings and Personal Chequing are two accounts that can really help you keep up with your success.

You see, a Personal Chequing Account makes it easy to keep track of where your money is going. Every month you get an itemized statement and your cancelled cheques returned.

A Bonus Savings Account gives you more

from the money you save. You get a high rate of interest which is paid into your account twice a year.

Together they make a very successful combination—just what you need for all your day-to-day banking. Bonus Savings and Personal Chequing from your neighbourhood Royal Bank.

When you succeed...we succeed.



ROYAL BANK



to the Rangers." And there has been a lot of that. But the entertainment capital of the world, it's past what the struggling and newly expanded league needs. The fan-loving Rangers haven't hesitated to fill the bill and newspapers with their touting of the Big Apple "stars we love it," says Don Macdonald, back now after taking too big a bite and having some cake with it. "You know, the toughest part of my suspension [following his conviction in Canada for the possession of cocaine] was being away from my teammates. I've never played on a team that is so together. If someone wants to go out for a beer after the game, 16 or 19 guys come along."

As the semi-final series opened last week to decide which New York team will challenge the Stanley Cup, a lot of Ranger fans came along for a Budweiser on the Island. In the latest chapter of the infinite shrinking wisdom of the NHL, only a relative handful of the legion of New York fans got to see the game. Despite the need to capitalize on the Garden's inner-city rivalry, the NHL made no accommodation to sweeten the television rights from cable TV companies. The game was available only to the 14,000 who braved the rain and expressways and to subscribers of Cablevision. A couple of Bronx congressmen voiced the ire at their constituents to NHL president John Ziegler over the blackout on home TV—but for naught. With tottering franchises throughout the league, why make a big thing out of a big thing? With P. T. Barnum savvy, the Rangers and Islanders not only kept their ticket prices for theiraptive audience (Rangers from a regular-season top price of \$13.50 to \$22 and the Islanders from \$14 to \$45), the clubs are channeling closed-circuit broadcasts of the game into arena lounges for \$7.50 in Manhattan and \$7 on the Island.

The arena that greeted the teams as they skated out onto the ice for Game 1 reached Cap Fan's dovels: rival fans and friends joining, "I thought you was a Ranger fan!" "I was 'til they started chide—30 years ago." Red, white and blue bunting, usually reserved for the World Series, draped the Coliseum's rafters. Banners proclaimed, "This is 6 Islander Country," "Rage (Ranger Phil Esposito) is the town arie!" and "J.D. (Ranger goalie John Davidson), do it again." Just as Ranger Dave Parrish had skated away from Ken Kesel during Kate Smith's warbling of *God Bless America* in the quarter-finals against Philadelphia, Ranger Dave Maloney whirled a way during the last eight bars of *The Star-Spangled Banner* that opened Game 1, and any Islander fan not ready for battle joined the war chant.

But unlike the talented and wealthy Yankees of '68, the poor little rich guys

from Manhattan were the underdogs, and the suburban-worshipping Islanders bankruptcy were the favorites. The Rangers weren't supposed to be there but they spent coach Alvin's old team, Philadelphia, by setting two league records (most shutout goals—five—and most goals in a five-game series—20). After "picking up our sticks, batons and spears," as Ranger Walt Tkaczuk said after the rough series with the Flyers, the Broadway Blues headed for the Islanders, semi-absent after a skate-week past the Chicago Black

Devilmen missing out: the street-wise guys who can be seen in the bars around Studio 54

beamed like a man rearing from a coiled Swedish snarl: "Can you believe this?" Down the hall, Islanders' coach Al Bellour couldn't. "We weren't doing anything naturally," he said.

Contentedly puffing a fat cigar and sipping a beer, veteran Ranger Carl Yvankin thought things were unfolding as they should. "We now have a blend of young, middle-aged [30 to 40] and old players. In hockey, you count on the middle-aged guys to be steady, game in and game out, and hope for the occasional big game from the young and old guys. We've got it."

And as the lights went out and the last station wagon headed for the co-



Hankie. It was no contest.

With stick-pulling plays that harked back to their forebears in the mid-'70s, the Rangers skated away from the Islanders 4-1, outshooting them 36-3 in the second period. Rush Ranger shot and goal swung the crowd toward its final, important cheer. And after the game, as the Islanders already grumbled for towels and guests at first glimpse of female reporters in their bearded dressing room, amid the coarsely and unconsciously snatched and semi-clad Rangers, Anders Hedberg

pressway, the huge Canadian flag of oil but a couple of the players' headlamps remained crumpled and sagged in the rafters over the Coliseum's ice.

The chicks ("It's a long series," "we'll come back") tumbled out of the blunder dressing room and they became press by Game 2 as the Islanders re-voiced their commuter fans and evaded the series with a 4-3 win in overtime. The struggle for the championship of New York, the competition for the fastest admission of the brownstones and bungalow dwellers, would last at least a week. ◇

The man who grows money trees

The two rival investment bankers were in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, when a shortage of hotel space forced them to share a room. It was a hot night, both dressed into bed without pyjamas and struggled all to sleep with the window open to catch any errant breeze. At 3 a.m. they both awakened with a heart-stopping jolt, covered in blood. The mosquitoes had attacked. "There was a," recalls Bryson Farrell, vice-chairman of McLeod Young Warr Ltd., "two competitors, sleeping together, sweating mosquitoes together." Farrell's blood brother that night was C. R. (Ted) McLeod, 50, chairman, president and chief executive officer of Wood Gundy Ltd., founded in 1955, one of Canada's largest investment houses and the

one with the closest, longest Maple-plate client list. This month he adds duties as chairman of the 12,000-member Investment Dealers Association of Canada, whose 80 firms will probably raise more than half the estimated \$1.25 trillion to be spent on Canadian capital investment in the next 10 years. Wood Gundy president since 1973, chairman since last December following the September death of the founder's son, Charles L. Gundy, McLeod today rides herd on a staff of 1,189 in 34 Canadian cities, Tokyo, New York, London and Paris that trades stocks and bonds for 35,000 individual customers annually.

Wood Gundy's Ted McLeod is a simple philosophy gripped with a boardroom speech

and about 500 corporate clients. In a business where lingering lender and borrower together at the right price is paramount, McLeod has few peers. Even when he plays poker, says former Ontario treasurer Barry McKelough, "he plays to win, rather than just for fun." Says an oil executive: "Whether it's a \$50-million preferred share deal or fixing up a golf club, he operates at the one high level at the time. And he beats you with his number one guy."

McLeod considers that moment, eyes darting behind the gold-wire-rimmed glasses without which he can't see six inches "I have to compete." It's a simple philosophy that's been gripped with a boardroom speech. Looking back on his eight formative years at St. Andrew's in Aurora, Ontario, he says: "If you're going to enter in that environment, you'll get the rough edges knocked off, learning how not to go over people with a truck." Competitive, it turned out, could be profitable, too. He failed first year at University of Toronto by playing too much bridge, but he made enough money at it to put himself through, becoming a street-pounding Wood Gundy, money-manager-in-training in 1955 at \$150 a month. Sales, trading and growing experience in Toronto and Kitchener, Ont., led him to vice-president operations in 1968 under president William Wilder, now chief executive officer at Commerce Gas.

As relaxed as Wilder is intense, McLeod has the respect of competitors and clients alike. A 1977 issue to raise \$125 million for Iron Ltd. came after October selling layoffs in a market where the fixed 7.50-per-cent interest rate didn't look appealing. "What had the makings of a very difficult issue," says Iron Ltd. Treasurer Robert DeGrove, "is now a success. Ted McLeod was hunkering the effort and Wood Gundy never flinched." The strength of the client list is even clearer, too. Last year, McLeod attempted to act as adviser for Petro-Canada's failed take-over of Husky Oil Ltd. Beaten when Alberta Gas Trunk Line's Robert Blair bought Husky on the open market, McLeod lost Husky's business because of his Petrocan association. In the Sherrill Ltd. offer for P. W. Woolworth Co. last month, McLeod had to bow out because both companies are Wood Gundy clients. "I don't look upon it so much as losing a client," he said "as having to share a situation."

Sharing is not something he does easily unless the client wants it. His firm and McLeod Young Warr are co-managers on a \$200-million Ontario Hydro issue. "We might work on that together in the morning and be knocking one another's brains out after lunch." There's only one flaw, one trap they people mention, with hesitation, about him: "His hair," barbershop one Bay Street, "is long for his position." It's all his second wife's doing, laughs McLeod, who told him when they married in 1971 that she didn't like short hair. "We tried to find a happy medium between what my wife wants and what the rest of the world expects." Just another negotiated victory by the man who bleeds with his clients and feeds his friends.

Roderick McQueen

The valley of the jelling green pygmy

Caught in the backlash that began after the Parti Québécois' provincial election victory in November, 1978, given velocity by inflation, political instability, trade deficits and general lack of confidence in the Canadian economy, the once-ailing Canadian dollar has finally reached to a halt. From the mountaining high of \$1.03 U.S. late in 1978, the Canadian dollar descended to 82.2 cents this February. Buried in the rubble were Canadian tourist dollars abroad, consumers forced to spend more on imports and a federal government which rolled off an election last spring because the weak currency meant economic mismanagement to rampant voters.

Since the February low (record low was 80.08 cents in 1951), the dollar has drifted first off and crawled up more than four cents, reaching 87.8 last week. As with most things political, the past is more easily explained than the future. Says chief economist William Mackinnon, of Pricewaterhouse Coopers, "Most economists were surprised at the virulence of the decline; the surprise has also been visited on the vigor of the rise." The turnaround probably began Nov. 1 with U.S. President Jimmy Carter's announced package of high interest rates and a \$50-billion dollar defense buildup. The move signalled a serious U.S. effort that helped Canada's dollar because both are seen as North American currencies on world markets. With the overthrow of the Shah of Iran, investors began looking for safe havens. U.S. and Canadian petroleum resources and stable politics looked appealing. Money flowing from Europe and the Middle East to Canada created demand

for Canadian dollars, driving values up.

While the technical changes were important, psychological change meant that had news, such as the disappointing February trade figures announced last month, had had little effect. Says one banker, looking ahead: "The fundamentals aren't there for a 30-cent dollar, but the psychology has changed. It could go higher unless the Bank of Canada leans on it."

The bank, which spent \$5 billion in 1978 propping up the dollar, now has to worry about a two-fold rise because price advantages on Canada's export goods would disappear. Chicago Mercantile Exchange trader Marty Lebowitz is testily predicting that the dollar will reach 88.5 cents this month and sit until September. Then, he says, "Ron Lebowitz can make some silly statement and that'll send it down again." A short run start now shifting is the constant; a someone can send dollars dropping in the market.

Roderick McQueen

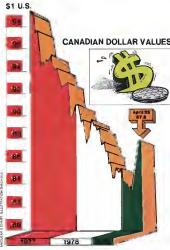
They're showing red this spring

For companies to ignore a winter's postponing activities, they can give you two years in a cell and a lead-pipe fine—except that until six weeks ago a charge probably hadn't been laid in at least 30 years. Suddenly, last March, the S.R. Krieger Co. was charged with conspiring to interfere with the formation of a union in Brampton, Ontario, then last week Dyles Ltd., the country's largest specialty clothing chain, saw the red of a warrant to charge its owner, Leonard Pearson, Dyles' director of marketing Garvin Leverett, its designer, and Daniel McGarry, former president of Ontario Investigation Ltd., a private-eye firm which recently had its license suspended.

For Sam Fox, Canadian director of



PHOTO BY GUY WATSON FOR THE GLOBE





Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.

A Premium status distilled in Canada by Canadian Schooner Distilleries Ltd.

the clothing division of a vintage Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, the news of the charges was not unexpected. For others the charges, if substantiated, are evidence of an earnest stream of latent violence bringing to memory the labor-management confrontations of the Depression. When a chain as large as Dylex—more than 450 stores under the names of Tigi Top, Harry Rosen, Fairweather, Family Fair, Brannan, Sony Silver and Thrift's, sales of \$550 million, profits of \$12.1 million—is accused of union busting, what's left of the iceberg seems rapidly to erode. The charges in question arose from a bitter fight 2½ years ago to certify a union of 175 workers at the company's central warehouse in Toronto. It ended unclean when the employees refused to strike for the newly certified bargaining unit. But much had gone before, including an unsuccessful certification vote later reversed when the Ontario labor relations board found management had coerced "undue influence" on the potential union members. Frustrated union officials started reconsidering, convinced Dylex had persuasively turned its employees against a union, perhaps—as the courts will examine—illegally.

Enter tireless Detective Craig Malcolm of the Peel Regional Police Department's fraud squad. He was investigating an unrelated complaint, but his digging led him, inexorably, to Centaur Investigation Ltd. As the case expanded—the investigation continues to this day—the help of the Ontario Provincial Police and the Metropolitan Toronto Police was enlisted. The result is allegations that, during the fall of 1978, two employees of a Centaur subsidiary—Centaur Temporary Help Ltd., is charged as well—worked for half a day at Dylex and while there instigated a fight that led first to the dismissal of themselves and two employees active in the union's organizing campaign and later to the charges of assault and conspiring to interfere in the union's organizing campaign. Dan McGarry is certain the charges will be "boiled out the courtroom door." Jimmy Kay, Dylex's chairman, says the company conducted a thorough internal investigation 2½ years ago. "We're confident," he says. "We're going back," replies Sam Fox. For years—particularly between the 1950s and the Depression years—it was union charged with conspiracy, which went after losing themselves at the wrong end of a wildcat strike. Now, much to the distress of union officials and executives who know confrontation will help no one, a new history threatens.

Ian Bowen

Beyond Comparison



The way it looks, the way it performs puts the Peugeot 604 SL in a class all its own.

Get behind the wheel, and you'll never want to leave.



PEUGEOT

Twelvemonth guarantee with unlimited kilometers.

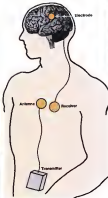
You can order any Peugeot model in Canada for delivery overseas (C61 countries).

Zapping the brain to bring relief from pain

Whether her old arm injury looks up, Claudette Nepton feels on a radio transmitter, the size of a cigarette package, sending her brain a tiny zap of electricity that kills her pain. She's one of an estimated 300 people in the world (20 in Canada) who have deep-brain electrical stimulators surgically implanted in the thalamic region of their brains, the area that integrates sensory information. Before the operation, nerve damage in her right arm, resulting from a car acci-

dent, would have landed the spot in her brain where stimulation seemed to provide her with maximum relief, acrylic filled up the bur hole, anchoring the electrode wire that was stuck out of her head for the next couple of weeks—a trial period to determine whether or not the gadget could relieve her pain.

The trial was a success. A second operation completely internalized the rest of the equipment—the dangling wire was subcutized under the skin of her



Wire is still in brain where stimulation gives relief, a wonder of appearing

dormed Medical School. The procedure effectively relieved severe chronic pain of cancer, spinal disc degeneration, arthritis, spinal cord injury, but the operation was hard. The answer remains as vague—nobody, not even the doctors of doctors using it, understands how it works. The best they can offer is a theory which suggests that since relief can last for many hours after only a few minutes of stimulation, it's possible electrical stimulation may trigger the brain's release of natural pain-killing chemicals.

Most doctors working with this are happy with their results and find the few side effects it causes—occasional dizziness, sensations of hot or cold, blurring of vision—tolerable. Vancouver neurosurgeon Dr. Ian Turekoff, who plans to implant as stimulators this coming year, says that out of his 13 patients who received this over the past four years, all suffered from pain



Performing Deep Brain Stimulation surgery. "It's very effective in some cases"

neck, shoulder and chest, ending in a radio-frequency receiver, the size of a quarter, which sat between her breastbone and the skin of her chest (Deep Brain Stimulators are wonders of biomedical engineering: the circuitry is so tiny, it must be assembled under a microscope; materials enclosing the electrodes are recently designed ceramics that won't corrode in the body's harsh environment, seams are closed by laser beams. With the installation ready for use, Claudette Nepton could turn on the transmitter and in 15 min-

utes or so have several hours' relief from her pain. A year later, she reports, "For me, it was a miracle. I can do my housework now, and I can talk again—I still have pain, but I can live with it."

DBS was developed in 1971 by Dr. Yoshio Kioshibe at the University of Cal-



More modernization and expansion are going forward in the pulp and paper industry, now that harvesting equipment and new ways of doing things are possible because profits in the industry have improved. That means more jobs all around.

Profit: jobs

New investment in pulp and paper production is creating new jobs for Canadians in the industry and among suppliers. Better profits are starting to make things happen. There is more money to spend on advanced equipment, environmental controls and more efficient production techniques. Improved productivity will help Canada compete in tough international markets. And that matters: the forest industry supports one out of every ten Canadian jobs.

In Stephenville, Newfoundland, lunchies will be picked again and the 650 people stay back to work in a rebuilt paper mill and in woodlands operations.

In British Columbia, plant expansion in Powell River will create 700 construction jobs and 100 new, permanent jobs in the mill when construction is over.

Across Canada, forest products companies have announced plans to invest in modernizing mills, introducing new processes and harvesting equipment. This new investment adds up to billions of dollars over the next several years.

That job-creating activity is happening because profits in the pulp and paper industry have improved.

The lion's share of Canada's pulp and paper is sold in the United States. The use of newspaper and

other pulp and paper products has risen south of the border, so our industry has been going at full speed. These Canadian exports are paid for in American dollars, which have been worth considerably more than our own, increasing pulp and paper company profits in an unusual way. This increase in profits is beginning to help the industry catch up on the lean years just behind. But the industry cannot build a future on temporary exchange advantages.

Growth money

To compete with all corners in the global marketplace, the Canadian industry will have to invest hundreds of millions of dollars every year. Modern harvesting equipment, high productivity mills, new ways of doing things must be developed to help hold costs down. One year's good profit is not enough to achieve all these ends.

Sustained healthy profit is necessary to support sustained healthy growth.

The pulp and paper industry in Canada's largest manufacturers: it brings in more export dollars and contributes more money to Canada's standard of living than any other industry — about \$1,000 a year for each Canadian family.

The forest industry, directly and through its thousands of Canadian suppliers, creates one job in every ten in this country.

To learn more, ask for the publication "GROWTH". Write: Communications Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 3300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec H3B 2K9.

The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada



Your secretary can double her output and still be free to enjoy her evenings.

The new AES PLUS 4 combines the ease and speed of electronic typing, text editing and speed printing (540 words per minute) with four new functions.

The benefit to your secretary is she is able to spend her time on more demanding jobs. The end benefit to you is she is able to save you money.

Financial. Your secretary can automatically verify a quarterly financial statement quicker than she can sip her coffee.



She takes your numbers from rough copy, types them on a standard keyboard onto a video screen in front of her then verifies your totals automatically with the push of a button.

You don't even have to calculate horizontal totals and percentages.

Your secretary simply heads up the column with the appropriate title, pushes a button and the AES PLUS 4 automatically fills it in. Perfectly.



Search and Replace. Your secretary can customize a 20 page contract faster than she can reserve a table at your favourite restaurant.

Say you want to replace "the party of the first part" with "Better Widgets Limited." Your secretary types "Better Widgets Limited" only once. Every time "the party of the first part" appears the AES PLUS 4 will search it out.

She can leave it as it is, replace it with "Better Widgets Limited" or delete it. Automatically.

Records Organization. Your secretary can sort her way through 6 months of time sheets and tell you the difference between actual vs. estimated costs on any job in 10 minutes.

She can update statements of monthly billings by job and by contractor. And accurately verify totals automatically. Right to the penny.

You name it, the new AES PLUS 4 can organize any previously recorded material in any order you want. Simultaneously. Automatically.

Building Blocks. Your secretary can shift paragraph one to page four with her baby finger.

With the push of a button your secretary instantly builds a custom form letter.

Your secretary types and codes any block of information by letter, number or both.

Then anytime you want to customize a collection letter, contract, report or brief you simply select the paragraphs and the sequence.



That's just the beginning of the new AES PLUS 4 story. For an astounding demonstration fill in this coupon.

NAME
FIRM
POSITION
ADDRESS
CITY PROV POSTAL CODE

I would also like to know more about:

☐ Duplicating Equipment ☐ Cluster Word Processing Systems

AES DATA LTD., 570, rue McCullough Street, Montreal, Quebec H4T 8Z9 (514) 341-5420

I am a design and research firm. We are interested in the AES PLUS 4 system and would like to see it in operation. We can also offer you a complete demonstration package including a complete video about AES PLUS 4 system.

AES

The Office of Tomorrow
Today.

MAC 1011

HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION

The Complete Practical Guide to Organizing
and Winning any Election Campaign

Anthony J. Gargrave &
Raymond Hull



HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION

The Complete Practical Guide to
Organizing and Winning Any Election
Campaign

Anthony Gargrave & Raymond Hull

Winning an election is not a matter of luck. Behind the moment of triumph lies a carefully structured campaign. For Canadians, fascinated as they watch the candidates prepare for a federal election, here is the topical book that tells how to organize a campaign, raise money, write press releases, make signs, choose a candidate and much more. HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION is important for anyone who wants to know how the system works, and indispensable for anyone running for office from class president to prime minister.

\$14.95 cloth \$7.95 paper



Available at Your Bookstore

measured by nerve injuries, 13 experienced complete or partial robot, four did not respond to stimulation during surgery and never received permanent implantation. "Why this works for some people and not others, I can't tell you," says Turnbull. "But I do know that it's very effective in some cases." Medical journals are full of miraculous DMS case studies—one man, for example, a 31-year-old house electrician, who out-of-work for two years because of low-back pain, after this, he was able to work as a bricklayer.

More than \$10 billion is spent on anesthetic drugs and surgery each year and until recently, the only effective treatment of chronic pain involved cutting pain pathways in the brain and spinal cord. Now, unfortunately, were not long-lasting—usually only two or three years. For this reason, there has been a great interest in the potential for electrical stimulation. Not all observers, however, are optimistic. Dr. Joseph Taylor, a neurosurgeon at the Toronto General Hospital, is highly critical: "The devices are man-made and just like heart pacemakers, they can have breakdowns, which means you have to perform corrective surgery. Another concern the results of this have not been more dramatic, may be due to the fact that surgeons reserve this little known and yet improves procedure for their most hopeless cases.

"DMS is a controversial issue among neurosurgeons because there's never been a carefully controlled study," says Dr. Paul Clarke, Ontario health ministry representative for a provincial task force that has been investigating electrical stimulation for more than a year. "Ours will be the first—participating medical schools in Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, London, and Hamilton will subject each patient's case to the scrutiny of an independent, objective, pre- and post-operative assessment." The study should be completed in several years and will affect Ontario's decision to cover such procedures under the provincial health insurance plan. Currently, two provincial plans—Alberta and B.C. and the Workers' Compensation Board in B.C. and New Brunswick cover the complete medical costs—about \$5,000.

"The thalidomide experience made us very cautious about introducing new concepts in medicine, and rightly so," says Dr. Adrian Upton, a neurologist at McMaster University, "but we must remember that the first antibiotic was arsenic compounds that could kill you if you took too much. The theory behind DMS is a good one, and it's likely that as equipment improves, results will improve. We mustn't dismiss a good idea as its infancy." **Malina Wase**

Behavior A bar where you're taught how to drink

A occupational images go, the bartender is among the hardest. The easy eye something up a customer's problems, the pitiless words of counsel—these have been his reputation since well before some medieval publican hoisted a winged demon. Bibs, ergo, ergo (I drink, therefore I am). At his best, the archetypal barkeep puts compassion before commerce, relating to serve those already served enough. That side of the character is getting some polish at the Unmo Club, an organization for higher learning at the University of Manitoba campus, where young minds go to dispense Charles Cotton's axiom: "A night of good drinking is worth a year's thinking."

The Unmo is a bar with a conscience. When expansion plans were limited recently an area was set aside for racks of printed counsel telling alcoholics and other problem drinkers where to go for help. But that was just the beginning. Pub managers asked the Alcoholics Foundation of Manitoba to teach their staff to recognize and cope with problem drinkers. "We have to view problem customers as human beings with problems, we certainly shouldn't be making their problems worse," says pub board President Bruce Messier.

The young staff had been having particular trouble since they were the same age as their clients, and were under pressure not to be spectators by cutting somebody off. In four three-hour workshop sessions, the 20 students learned the tactical nuances to keeping an orderly bar, and to mollifying drunks.

"If a customer is angry and the waiter responds with anger the situation escalates," says Debra Allen who conducted the workshops. "Far better to use diversionary tactics—talk about something right off the subject."

Whether or not the project overflows its nonprofit very tower is another question. Allen says she's not bailing her breath over the private sector spin-off for bar-staff education. "I hate to be cynical but profits do depend on encouraging rather than discouraging consumption."

For now there's Unmo staff, wiping the bar, and thinking when asked to "let 'em up, Joe." If this can't be the real—or the ditch.

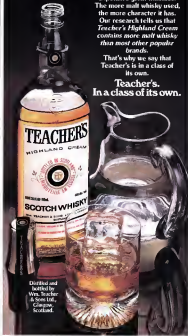
Peter Carlyle-Gordon

Today's lesson is about malt.

Every popular Scotch is made from a blend of pure malt whiskies and much less expensive grain whiskies. The more malt whisky used, the more character it has. Our research tells us that Teacher's Highland Cream contains more malt whisky than most other popular brands.

That's why we say that Teacher's is in a class of its own.

Teacher's.
In a class of its own.



Distilled and
Bottled by
Wm. Teacher
& Sons Ltd.,
Glasgow,
Scotland.



Now, Panasonic hi-fi big enough for your home made small enough for your car.

Panasonic: The name you listen to in home hi-fi, also makes hi-fi for your car. Whether you want to hear the full richness of the classics, the beat of the disco, the clarity of a sportscast, Panasonic AutoSound delivers all the purity and quality of sound you've enjoyed at home with Panasonic hi-fi.

Listen to these AutoSound Component Systems. The CA-9500 FM/AM/FM Stereo tuner with a linear dial scale for precise station selectivity. Match it with one of our cassette tape decks. The CX-7100 above, automatically plays the reverse side of the tape when the first side is completed, or the CX-5100 with automatic replay after rewind. Or choose the CX-1110 precision performance 8-track player. For even better stereo sound, add the CJ-3510 Power Booster that develops 10 watts per channel with no discernable distortion.

For speakers, Panasonic provides larger-than-life sound with a range of speakers that include the extremely efficient "Sound Pumps," and the all-new "Concert Sound" high compliance coaxial speakers.

Technically speaking, Panasonic AutoSound components can give your car studio sound reproduction. For listening pleasure, you'll have to drive a long way to better them.

Panasonic AutoSound products. They just may turn your car into your favourite listening room.

Panasonic

just slightly ahead of our time



The selling of the candidates

By Roy MacGregor

Men and women in the coming to be campaign that the candidates must enter a novel phase in their struggle—a Liberal candidate for re-election.

Within a dozen cramped blocks in downtown Toronto there are to be found three versions of the future. The singular point they have in common is that all are scheduled to begin this coming May 22, election day. The first version belongs to Jerry Grafstein, a bright lawyer who looks like a recondite Woody Allen, larger and hairier, a man who has recently spent too many 16-hour days rifling through telephone messages that he has become convinced he "can't hear anything moving out there." He fights with the brim of a red baseball cap with the insignia "There, Number 1," gestures grandly out the window and, among the syllables for best effect, pronounces "It... is... working." The second vision of this same future belongs to Lawrence Wolf, and he believes it is not working, at least not for Jerry Grafstein. Wolf,

has brown hair of wild hair confining up hints of a mad scientist at work, sits gleefully watching a film of NDP leader Ed Broadbent playing a stilted and inept point of many eyes with his wife and daughter Broadbent looks like he's serving a detention, yet Wolf spits his thumbs and declares this name man to be "the sleeper of the campaign—he's a long shot but he could win." Barely a sales pitch away the third interpretation of Canada, now-May 22 is to be found in the office of Peter Swan, where the papers of Joe Clark sit in video cassettes waiting to be answered Swan moves quickly from the authorized work to another pile of tapes and cassettes on his desk. "All these nerves as the staff," he says excitedly. "Songs, most of them, all unaltered. Even an entire commercial done by some guy. Just goes to show you how anxious people are to get the Liberal party out of power and the Conservatives in."

It is without precedent, this current advertising campaign that got under way April 22. In the 1974 federal election, party advertising amounted to \$2.1

Wolf: how can he work for that guy?

million and will rise to around \$6 million this time, but that is not why this time is different. The time difference is twice as long. In 1974, the two major parties took up 95 per cent of the paid radio time and 90 per cent of the paid television time, this time the revised Elections Act requires that 6 1/2 hours of prime-time, paid radio and television be allocated to the various parties according to their 1974 elected members and popular vote results. So though the Liberals get 135 minutes and the Tories 134 minutes, the NDP are guaranteed 83 minutes, the Social Credit 52 minutes, and eight minutes each to the Conservative party of Canada and the Marxist-Leninist party of Canada. The taxpayer will foot the cost of fully half of this paid time, and the parties will also have access to massive quantities of free-time radio and television as well (see below and 116 hours respectively). And although Jerry Grafstein says the Liberal campaign during the 29 days that advertising is permitted will not amount to "see-



of the total, a massive number that has the advertising man positively drooling. "The least-motivated voter is the most important voter," says Grafstein. And it is significant that Lawrence Wolf's first fight with his NDP employers concerned precisely this point. A print-oriented party in the past, the NDP was keen to return once again to that medium, but Wolf argued for no use of print whatsoever. And he won. The NDP—with only 15 points in the last Gallup—has the most to gain in the undecided voter numbers.

Lawrence Wolf was the appropriate agency to choose for a party interested in getting the public to swallow a new political line. Wolf's expertise is in new product marketing, particularly new foods, and it was a major step for the NDP to turn from the agency of the old party faithful, Montreal's Minsky Donaty, to a fast-paced, vibrant and proudly capitalistic Toronto company. "It took a lot of balls," says Wolf. "We were the sensible choice, but we're not really the safe choice. One, I'm American. Two, I'm hardly known as a political consultant. All my Borealis friends say 'Hey, how can you work for this guy?'" But, in truth, Wolf finds it a delight. Broadbent's main problem, according to his new package, was that he was "imprisoned." Wolf believed people

Grafstein (above) and Murray wrapping an expensive package for the undecideds

quarter of a McDonald's campaign blitz," the Liberals will probably spend some \$2.50 million convincing Canada's 15 million voters to give Pierre Trudeau a second—make that fourth—chance. Neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives will say what they are spending (it will all come out after the campaign) but it is generally believed the Tories are budgeting \$2.5 million. The NDP, always the most open about such matters, say they will spend \$1.2 million; they also say it will even an end to the NDP's past history of stopping up to three pages in the final weeks of a campaign, when the major party avalanche of advertising has had a tendency to bury them.

The three masterminds—Grafstein, Wolf and Swain—are all out to make the same friend: the undecided voter. And it is for this reason that the true advertising war will be waged on the shallowest medium, television. "The people who pay the most attention to the news media tend to be the most partisan," says Dr. Thomas Patterson, an American expert on the media and politics. "Television is far more likely to reach the undecided because those who are informed and rather than view television." The last Gallup poll put the undecided Canadian voter at 25 per cent.



The spirit of the Czar lives on. Wolfschmidt Vodka is here.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

now Broadbent as a wild-eyed doctrinaire socialist and, though Broadbent disagreed with this interpretation, Wolf again was "one of the things we're trying to do is clean up any more promotion of that image," says Wolf. "Move that image to a more central point." To that end, much is made of Leslie Broadbent's attractive television presence, having her discuss television from the point of view of a housemaker, for example, rather than having a Broadbent speak on television. The nine packages are concerned that the party leader's tendency toward shyness not appear on the screen, and so will be using no clips from the House of Commons. Peter Swain's company, Media Buying Services Ltd. also says questions Ltd., the company that war-fares each election to handle the Liberal advertising, is "to us distort Trudeau," something to Jerry Goldstein. He calls Red Leaf "an agency without will" and it is really working more than an umbrella name for the work of a host half-a-dozen top Toronto admen (including Vickers & Benson Ltd. President Terry O'Malley, Rosalind-Rosenthal and Co. Ltd. President Henry Karpman, and in-charge of admen Jerry Goodin, who is in charge of the free-time ads). The major decisions are made by Goldstein and

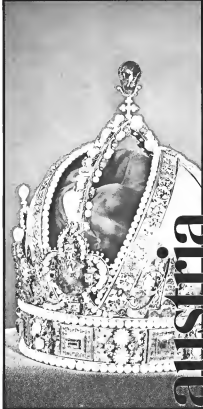
Murray at PC headquarters in Ottawa, who, with Joe Clark, makes the final decisions on ads. No one wants to be quoted, but the Tories are delighted that they no longer have to deal with the handicap of presenting an acceptable Robert Stanfield as television, despite the man's excellence in the flesh. Still, they are also aware that Clark is no Pierre Trudeau. "Trudeau is the consummate actor," says Swain. "Well, we don't have that. Joe Clark says I am what I am and it won't be packaged by the ad people. It may make things more difficult for us but it's good for the Canadian people. Essentially, our job is to show that he does understand the problems and he does have solutions." The argument at Red Leaf Com-

Senator Keith Dewar, with whom Goldstein is in contact daily. Like the Tories, the Liberals have two game plans ready and in production. One is the campaign the way it is currently going, above-board, tough and fairly impersonal. The backup campaign—interestingly, the NDP has none—are said to be indecently below-the-belt, in the best American tradition: "We have an alternative scenario that I hope is hypothetical," says Goldstein. "But if they do attack us, we will measurely retaliate." Answering the nasty campaign remains in the darkness, Goldstein's working gift for the Liberals is to deliver "Trudeau un-suspected. Not Trudeau Manhattan, not even Trudeau as the Rocker that Trudeau Trudeau is." In many cases the three masterminds use different phrases to describe the same theory. While Goldstein talks of "anaphora of what he's actually doing," Swain refers to "reversal-aggressive formula" and Wolf talks about presenting the "fundamental issues." The commitment to at least touch upon the things that do matter is worth pointing, particularly in light of recent trends in American election advertising. "When you've got 30 seconds on television," says Joe Corvelli, a political consultant who handled Lyndon Johnson and John



Do you know what is most frequently collected in Austria? Culture. That's why this small country has 350 museums.

Over the small villages in Austria take pride in collecting objects and preserving them in the public in local museums. We are no less proud of our collections of Beethoven, Klimt, Schiele, Klee, Schindler and Rembrandt. On the way to Salzburg or the Alps, we make a lot of effort to get collections from abroad to Austria. To find them in the Alps country more or less state by state with the German paintings as well as objects from U.S. and elsewhere works by the lab in university in Austria's specialty.



For special information on Austria, please contact your travel agent. Austrian Airlines or the nearest branch of the Austrian National Tourist Office in American National Tourist Office 2100 Sherbourne Street West Suite 1400 Montreal, P.Q. Canada H3A 2B7 Austrian National Tourist Office Suite 1230 1122 Vancouver Block 730 Granville Street Vancouver B.C. Canada V6Z 1J2



Lufthansa

CC & Co. INC.

Coming in the May 21st issue of Maclean's... The Nova Scotia Vacation Guide 1979

Watch for it. This Nova Scotia feature is an informative guide just in time to help you plan your vacation on the seaside.

Nova Scotia, where Canada began. Unlimited opportunities for holiday fun. The Nova Scotia Vacation Guide 1979 will show you how to make your travel arrangements, which sights you shouldn't miss, where to eat, and an easy way to book your accommodations in motels, hotels or campgrounds.

You'll find the Nova Scotia Vacation Guide 1979 a valuable aide in planning a memorable holiday. In the May 21st issue of Maclean's.

Nova Scotia

Nobody can mix your favorite like you can. So we let you.

We've always had a lot to offer. With breakfast, afternoon tea, parking, and a location that's minutes from the major expressways. And now we have even more. With the only in-room self-serve bars for miles around. So, after a third day's work, you can help yourself to your favorite in the quiet of your room. Then move on to a dinner of fine French cuisine, open dancing, and a day either heated pool or cold. And take it in. Move right in your room with our in-room movie service in English and French. You see, we've got everything the best downtown hotels can offer. You And the airport too.

Montreal Airport
Hilton
Our name says it all

For reservations, call your Travel Agent or write to:
Hilton Hotels Corp., 100
N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, IL 60601
or 1-800-4-A-HILTON
Circle 100



AT HOFSTETTER WE MEAN BUSINESS

And we believe in the meaning of the word value.

That's why we carry the **Facit 1650** single element correctable typewriter. It offers familiar features for less than you're paying today. As well as some special features you'd expect from a more sophisticated machine. Like a programmable memory tabulator system, and three margins.



Facit Sales and Service in Toronto contact:
HOFSTETTER
Business Products Ltd. (416) 243-1700

And because of its superb Swedish quality you can depend on it for lasting performance and durability. Looking for more typewriter for your money?

Ask to see our full line of **Facit** typewriters. You'll see why we mean business.

F. Kennedy, "I don't know who I was for any more than a single issue. All you're trying to do is to get them to remember the name." The most cynical of all thinking comes from perhaps the most successful, Hal Eby, a Californian who claims a 94-percent success rate for his clients, which have included, he says, eight Canadian members of Parliament. (A notable Eby failure was ungracious millionaire Stephen Ross's bid to ouster Liberal Barney Danson, but Eby says Ross "didn't do what we told him.") Eby told Menzies that he considers Canadians 30 years behind the times for wanting to bother with things like shaking hands and knocking on doors and actually being seen. Eby believes deeply in the quick television commercial and would, he says, even simulate campaign travel with a television studio and a feasible train of the client would permit him. Once the race is on, Eby believes, it is in the hands of the airwaves. His advice to candidates during the rest of the campaign: "Leave town. You can't be surprised if you don't lay anything."

Merely, Canada will remain 30 years behind the times by Hal Eby's measure. The American experience has already altered campaigns in this country as they are essentially a leadership race. "The fundamental change that occurred in the late 1950s was a growing emphasis on personality rather than issues," says Dr. Paul Hutchford, author of *The Making of the Canadian Media*. "We've turned politics into a spectacle. It's a form of entertainment. It's a game. When you've got Ed Bennett or Barry Tyler Moore, it's entertainment."

To some extent this is true—granted, for example, has recently become far more interested in style than content—but there is at least a verbal commitment by the parties to deal with issues this time and to go against most conventional wisdom from the States. And that, coupled with the free-TV telecasts and the potential of a debate with all three leaders, means that Canadians have not arrived at the same point described by Philip Brannen, president of the 300-member Association of American Political Consultants: "The electorate couldn't care less about the issues."

But it is interesting to note that Elections Canada, which oversees this increasingly heated as the 1979 General Election, is undertaking its own \$1.1-million advertising campaign to educate voters about the new boundaries, among other things, and has decided to completely avoid television in favor of radio and newspapers. "We have," says Chief Electoral Officer Jean-Marie Hamel with a shy smile, "serious reasons to get across."

Research by George Harbata

Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's F100 engine: power from a partnership.



50 years together

The engine is the F100 for the General Dynamics F-16. The partnership is Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Group, whose companies in Canada and the United States have worked together for 50 years.

Pratt & Whitney Aircraft already is a major part of the Canadian industrial story. We've been part of Canada's aviation industry since 1928, and our Canadian PT6 and JT15Ds are the standards by which others in the general aviation field are judged. We have more than 6,000 employees in our three Canadian facilities and even now we're expanding.

F-16 right choice

Canada is in the process of choosing a new fighter. We think the F-16 is the right choice. Because it's already proven. So is its engine. Both are in production. Both are in operation. Here are a few more good reasons:

Coproduction works

Coproduction is nothing new to us. We've been doing it on the F100 engine for the F-16 in Europe for the past three years. It works. But we're not stopping at just engine technology. We're offering other manufacturing technologies from companies like Cite Group, Essex Group, and Sikorsky Aircraft, all units of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's parent company, United Technologies Corporation.

A mature engine

The engine is essential to the success of any aircraft. So it's a great advantage when a new fighter programme has an experienced engine to back it up. Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's F100 engine has been on active duty since 1974, building up more than 300,000 flight hours of experience. In the process, the F100 has earned an outstanding record of safety and reliability. In fact, the F100 already has a readiness record equal to engines that have been in service for 20 years or more.

To get where it is today, the F100 successfully passed the toughest series of endurance tests in military history. Now, in service, the F100 is experiencing fewer problems than any other fighter engine at the same stage of maturity. Which makes the F100 the most successful fighter engine programme ever.

Here and now

There are a lot of good reasons why Canada should choose the F-16 as its new fighter aircraft. The best reason is the F-16 is here and now, in production, in service. Internationally.



**PRATT & WHITNEY
AIRCRAFT GROUP**



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

Pierre's view of Maggie wasn't wrong, but his view of what she represented was

By Barbara Arndt

Let me confess immediately that I was unable to join in the great collective shudder of certainty that swept our nation when bobblehead Pierre Elliott finally pulled his finger out of the dice, in it went, and took unto himself a bride. True, I've never been much for secondhand certainty. When it comes to political leaders, the only way they can bring me close to it is by reaffirming the principles of liberal democracy or rejecting. Anyway I didn't find it unexpected that a middle-class bride, who called herself a "flower child" and baked her own wedding cake when the groom of her calculations was a wealthy, well-preserved 51-year-old prime minister—and who managed furthermore to get lady magazine writers and hard-bitten political journalists alike in a state about her rhythms and vulnerability—should leave Canada one day for legitimate shore bar. Hence my initial reluctance to read *Beyond Reason*.

But it happened that I visited a friend last week, a doctor whose usual reading ranges from Gibbon to Cleland to the essays of Robertson Davies. This time, however, my undeniably reactionary friend was hooked up over *The Book Chalkers* instead. He was positively devouring *Beyond Reason*. When I asked why, he replied that seldom had he read a book that so eloquently reinforced for him his prejudices—and some he didn't even know he had—about Trudeau's left-liberalism. He was talking about the children of the 60s. Next day I sat down with a copy of my own. First, flashes of life with the man. The Trudeau children were told the goss of the politicians grinding their teeth for shooting snakes. Violence for middle-class housewives. The sex was for Victorians once. Still, one would expect the leader of one's nation to be less hypocritical.

What people like Margaret Trudeau are truly like is a question totally immaterial to the country. All that matters is whether or not she is at all a reflection on the judgement of the prime minister who married her. Some would

take refuge in the hope that love and sexual desire are blind and can ignore who objects otherwise recognized as worthless—or even inanimate, as in the case of infatuation. If Chausson Blue could marry the Gang of Four, why shouldn't Chairman Pierre marry Margaret? But on reading *Beyond Reason*—which I can honestly recommend—it seems more likely that Pierre's eyes were wide open. No hormonal rush clouded his judgment. Nor did the young lady deserve. If anything, Margaret painted a blacker picture of her-



1974



1978

self thus necessary. On their first date (no doubt battling her "longing for privacy") she fessed up to her doping, sex, in *Horror* and other prohibitions. Did she check the red's artery? Not a what. True, a probationary fidelity and drug-free marital pact was proposed which Margaret didn't exactly flock, but didn't quite pass either. But while Margaret's natural disinclination to do anything apart from doping and smoking might have been cheered by Canadian educational trends which regarded books as "linear," Trudeau was supposed to be a different sort: a man of reason, according to his wife.

Short just about any woman of appropriate sex could have borne his child, it is fair to assume that, in Margaret, Pierre saw some special value. She was a representative of the Greening of Canada. Trudeau, being very much a follower of trends of his current flag with neo-conservatism, believed that Margaret's third-class consciousness would triumph. That

was his error in judgment. As a politician he can't be faulted for misjudging Margaret, but rather for misjudging the direction in which the world was—or ought to be—moving. It was also an error in his ethical compass. The token happy coexistence with their free love and anti-intellectualism did not signal a higher morality but a lower one. Though much may be missing from the postwar work ethic of middle Canada, it still produces commodities that are more humane, altruistic, loving and humanistic than the selfish and ultimately cruel world of the flower children. But Trudeau wanted to make a good dynamic marriage. By marrying into the Alternative Society, he could ensure his place at the crest of the wave.

Trudeau was far from alone. The media may not have noticed Margaret, but they came close to it in a salutation—though with every interview she revealed the essential shallowness of her belief that even after the 1984 cry-chamber in which Margaret bubbled an about-be-

ing "a prisoner" or discovering metaphysical truths from her "magic mandala," the press carried on. The Toronto Star's Doug Winter described her as "a personality with such a smooth and casual, with so little artifice, that only the hater could interpret it meanly" to critic Black Kirby in *The Globe and Mail* was appalled that with "not just beautiful, but curiously open, sensitive and full of feeling." Ontario's Richard Gwyn in the Toronto Star did inject a note of caution by seeing certain "contradictions" in Margaret, but denied such contradictions "legitimate almost as much as her spontaneity and candor."

Times change. Now that Margaret's actually doing her own thing and making a real contribution to the Canadian economy with her best seller, she's become a pariah to the media that adored her. It may be okay to watch your dirty knee publicity in some phosphate detergent. What's unforgivable is censoring the media of its own business.

THE GENTLE WHISKY

5 year old Very Mild.
Blended and aged
to a velvet softness.



What a little Moonbeam can do

John Flood lives in Moonbeam, 260 miles south of James Bay, and the wolves sometimes howl at his door. He's not a trapper or a miner, though. John Flood is a publisher. He owns and runs the Prometheus Press which in February published two books of poetry and *Thunder Northern Dreaming*, a limited edition of Algonquin sketches by Carl Schaeffer—a friend and near contemporary of the Group of Seven. In April Prometheus published an unpublished novel by one of Canada's classic authors, Duncan Campbell Scott. Flood, an English teacher at Northern Ontario's Lac-Sup, Le Collège Universitaire de Hearst, wants Peterson's books to be read across the country; Canada's 1,000 major libraries are all on his mailing list. A few years ago Prometheus would have seemed inconceivable, who ever heard of a publishing house west of Vancouver? But with the rise of regional publishing, Flood's venture seems anything but bizarre.

It has long been true that most Canadian writers choose not to live in Toronto, and recently, however, they usually had to embark their work in a Toronto. Karl Selinger, David Robinson, Neil Harlin,

books publisher. But the ground has shifted, and nowadays a book is as likely to not be published in Fredericton or Winnipeg or Windsor. One of Canada's finest publishers is Black Moss Press, founded in 1975 by a Windsor Star reporter named Marty Gervais. Black Moss has not only published writers of quality (A.J. Parsy, Earle Birney and Ralph Gustafson, for instance), it has also balanced its accounts. "We've amazed a lot of authors is that we've been able to sell their books," Gervais remarks. "A lot of people say, 'Poetry doesn't sell.' It doesn't if you don't promote it." Relying more on his own energies than on government subsidies, Gervais expects to publish 22 books this year—a trickle compared to Macmillan or McClelland & Stewart, but a lot for the handful of people who keep Black Moss alive.

Lacking the resources of the large Toronto houses, most regional publishers work on a shaky financial base. Many are function as the literary chess stores, which mainly carry their books. The chess stores, like the supercenters, depend on a rapid turnover and are reluctant to

stock titles that don't sell fast. Gervais calls Cole's "particularly scandalous," while Flood is hoping to bypass bookstores altogether. "With their 60-per-cent take," he says, "bookstores force regional publishers into the red." Talonbooks of Vancouver, the publishers of Michel Tremblay, George Ryga, and assorted other writers of note, is one of many short on money. No matter how good their books, they'll never be read unless they reach the public. Part of the answer may lie in new regional distribution systems such as Serv-West, which aims to put B.C. books before the eyes of B.C. readers.

And in B.C. the publishing scene is lively, enabled but strengthened by David Robinson of Talonbooks, and by publishers who are a warning, or less, to a tiny restaurant called The Pink Geranium, an hour's swiftest ferry ride away from Vancouver on the golf island of Galiano. The morning routine most work because Robinson and partners Karl Riegler and Peter Hise have become Canada's largest publishers of plays. Although the membership of the Ontario Arts Council in Toronto is upped recently, Talonbooks is determined to stay rooted in the rock of the mountains. Robinson, in a voice as soft as granite, insists: "We belong here." Ironically, Talonbooks' success has led them to a condition that must leave other "quality" publishers slack-jawed with envy—they believe they have enriched their Canadian mandate of publishing.

Talonbooks is going international, opening a Los Angeles office within the

NEWFOUNDLAND

Another world next door.

You'll enjoy our ways, there we still do a lot of things the old way. Like curing cod fish on the "bakes".

Malcolm Arseny has done it this way all his life, and you'll find him like him around these parts. The way we were. That way we are.



The Original. Make this summer an experience. Journey to the easternmost seacoast of North America, unspoiled and untamed. Explore where it all began. You'll find a land of breathtaking grandeur, with lifestyles reminiscent of earlier days. The quaint outport villages are still here, untouched by time, fishing boats at anchor. They're waiting for you in the original part of Atlantic Canada.

Write for: The Original Vacation Kit, Dept. of Tourism, Gov't of Newfoundland and Labrador, P.O. Box 2016, St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada A1C 5B3



TALON BOOKS
Vancouver
B.C.



TALON BOOKS
Edmonton
Alberta



TALON BOOKS
Moonbeam
Ontario



TALON BOOKS
Moonbeam
Ontario



TALON BOOKS
St. John's
Nfld.

Create a fresh spring look for your home during . . .



Visiting Brill's store right now is a terrific way to begin your spring celebration. Here's a taste of what you'll find:

- "Imaginative, personal design assistance."
- "Exquisite wood and upholstered furnishings from many lands."
- "Coordinated window treatments."
- "Well-coverings." Brill's meticulous re-upholstery shop, B.L.S. selected savings to make bringing a bit of spring into your home just a little easier.

It's all waiting for you at Brill's Spring Reflections, until May 26th.

IN TORONTO

525 Wilson Ave. 491-2880

IN OTTAWA

285 Richmond Rd. 722-7691

For in-depth views of family traditions in fine furnishings and design

BRILL'S
Interiors

WIDE AREA PAGING

will help keep you in
touch with your outside
people throughout

**SOUTHERN
ONTARIO**

Most paging systems serve a single community. The expanded Maclean-Hunter Paging Network serves communities from Windsor to Oshawa. Water coverage makes paging more useful to

more business people. Contact us to learn more. We will arrange a demonstration that will show you how pocket paging will save you time and money.



**MACLEAN-HUNTER
COMMUNICATIONS LTD.**

11 Greenboro Drive, Reading, Ontario MPW 9C7 Tel: (905) 248-8455

next six months and signing deals with David Horowitz. (The Primary English Class, David Richter (Athen) and separate others with Edward Albee and Sam Shepard. Half their new publishing, however, will remain Canadian, with the aim of becoming North America's premier play publisher.

A voracious B.C. reading public that has a few local book houses such as Douglas and McIntyre and Hancock House to thrive has also produced startling recent regional sales of two political books dealing with the electoral of B.C. provincial politics. The self-published *Lionel Doug* by Loraine Kavan and Gary Nixon chronicles the B.C. government of Dave Barrett from 1975 to 1979, and *Morning Star Books' Son of Secret*, by Rita Perley, did the same for Bill Bennett. With some 35,000 copies of the books sold and 100,000 in print, they speak eloquently of co-writer Gary Nixon's happy observation that "They treat these politics very seriously out here."

Hurty Publishers in Edmonton takes in more than \$1 million every year. Its founder, Neil Hurty, calls himself "not a regional publisher, but a national publisher who happens to be in a region." Although his first project, *Alaska: A Natural History*, sold more than 70,000 copies, Hurty doesn't require huge sales in his own province. Albi! The Ultimate Pop Group, say, or *The Best Modern Canadian Short Stories* will sell just as well in Ottawa or Halifax as in Edmonton. The success of Hurty Publishers shows that a large commercial press can flourish in English Canada outside western Ontario.

Not everyone applauds the trend. "Representative tends to be a negative thing in this country," says Toronto poet Greg Gargiulo. "Where are our standards of excellence?" Northern, Gargiulo's own *Whole Sound*, an anthology of poems and artwork by, among others, William Kurelek, Margaret Atwood and Harold Town—was entrusted to Vancouver's Douglas and McIntyre. "There was the best offer financially," Gargiulo explains, "and I knew they'd treat the book with attention."

Having sold more than 10,000 copies, *Whole Sound* is a virtual best seller. But it's just one of many success stories in western publishing. Despite a lack of funding from an indifferent provincial government, these 300 publishers now exist in B.C. alone. On the Prairies too, a growing pride in place has found expression among many small publishers, notably in Western of Saskatchewan, Turnstone of Winnipeg and Saskatchewan of Saskatchewan. It was Turnstone that finally decided to publish the one John T. Hodder—"surgical, intense, precise, complex, contrived, and admirable"—as just some of the adjectives

Earle Bruess uses to describe him—to issue his first collection of poems, *Now Is a Fair Country*.

Some regional presses, Hurty and Turnstone among them, arose in the late '60s on a wave of hopeful nationalism. But many more were founded in this decade, specifically to provide room for a neglected or isolated area. One such was Breakwater Books of St. John's, which began in 1973 with an anthology of Newfoundland writing called *Angels of Wind and Tide*. "We're getting material from American branch plants to contribute to anthologies," says Clyde Rose, the co-president who runs Breakwater, "so we figured, why not start on our own?" In the last five years, Breakwater claims to have published more writers than in all Newfoundland's previous history. And last year the firm expanded, printing novels from Nina Baym and Labrador in New Brunswick, *Piddler's Book of Predication* has just issued its 25th volume of poetry. (Published was quickly producing before many of Canada's new publishers were born.)

"It's cheap to get involved," says Valerie Thompson, former associate editor of *Quill and Quire*, the house organ of Canadian publishing (now executive editor for McClelland & Stewart). "All you need is the money to buy the paper and pay the printer. The big problem is that there's often no money to promote the books and sell them, this is the author's sticky dilemma." The distribution system is also far from adequate. It is an effort to combat these problems and get their books before a national public, 25 small presses have banded together to form the Literary Press Group. Funded by the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council, the group publishes a free catalogue and arranges regional meetings (the next will be held in Regina on May 3, 4 and 5) but so long as the chain stores are unwilling to carry volumes from small presses, and so long as most regional publishers remain shut out from the literary book market, money will remain scarce.

The Canada Council's office in charge of grants to publishers is Roy MacLennan, a former publisher himself. MacLennan is committed to regional publishing. "Canada," he says, "was the great unknown country. So day it is awake, in part because of the rich variety of books being published." Without the council's assistance, some of the presses would go under, but regional publishing is not a trend dependent on the whims of government. The people like Flood of Fredericton and Base of Breakwater continue to flourish, then Canada's standards of publishing excellence might be set in Vancouver and St. John's, not just in Toronto.

Mark Ahlby

Films

Disenchanted evenings in troubled Bora Bora

HURRICANE
Directed by Jon Teat

If producer Dino de Laurentis had been satisfied with \$29 million worth of pretty postcards shot in apostrophic Polynesian light by cinematographer Sean Wilentz, no false expectations could have been raised. Instead, bits of story interlarded with the sensory and tone of characters are left lying around (casts of *Hurricane's* first incarnations

ings [revealed] by a twitch of his stern scored upper lip), to use his vetted powers to try and connect narrative.

Luckily the waves arrive, such soothing waves, the most graceful hurricane ever filmed. The blue-green rolling waters sway out so many annoyances. Tropic flowered running around in a flapping white nightgown, playing innocent to the natives, Max von Sydow

The natives, victims of the loss



comes as a '60s novel and a '60s John Ford film, which keep interrupting one's slow delve into a Gauguin-style South Sea dream.

The plot (the warner is fascinated) goes like this. Charlotte (Dina Farrow), looking sexy, Bettino and five she's been beamed with a brick, arrives in Pago Pago to visit her father, Captain Bruckner (James Robertson), the American military governor of the island. She falls in love at first with his Polynesian clerk, Matangi (introducing Hawaiian sister Dayton Kani) who also happens to be High-Chief-in-Waiting of a lively little island called Aia. They talk to each other once or twice. He says "I see you're getting very wet." Charlotte "No water than you." And decide they are fired for each other. Matangi "A High Chief does what he wants." Charlotte "A High Chief does what he wants." What he wants means Daddy, who suffers from story incoherence long-

playing cinema factor to the natives, all the natives, and Captain Bruckner crouched underneath his own ship. Matangi and Charlotte do survive, a little weather-beaten and reduced from being lost to a banyan tree, to start a new life among the breadfruits and coconuts. At this was shot on Bora Bora, the four syllables that most accurately describe it.

Ann Collins

New kind of love

THE LAST EMPIRE
Directed by Jonathan Demme

The plot of *The Last Embrace* (descriptive: Harryhausen [Roy Scheider] wrote for an Organization, probably a say after his wife is shot during the explosive opening sequence his business is strong

COME CELEBRATE WITH THE BELGIANS

The Brussels Millennium

The Greatest European Event in 1,000 Years

Thrill to regal pageantry amidst the Renaissance splendor of Brussels' Grand Place! Half grand performances of ballet, opera and concerts; the great art of Old Masters; and celebrated contemporary! Savor superb food and service! It's a year-long birthday party marking a thousand years of European history.

And it's a party with a difference. You receive the gift! More than 3,000 worth of special treats such as fine hotel nights, tickets to entertainment, discounts on transportation and sightseeing. It's all part of our Belgium Bonus Days get-a-quainted welcome for Canadian visitors to Brussels...and five other extraordinary cities—Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, Liège and Namur.

Ask your travel agent for the colorful, free Bonus Days brochures, with details on the offers and how you can get in to qualify. Or write the Belgium National Tourist Office, Dept. E, 3801 Avenue McDonald, Montreal HAA 3G4.



Out of the sanitation, he discovers the Depression doesn't want him and, more frightening, now he's walking threats on his life. A bright anthropology student (Jared Margulies) has moved into his apartment. She takes him to France to unravel the meaning of the death threat, which is written in Hebrew. With the help of an old Jew (Sam Levine, for God's sake), Harry traces the motivation for a series of killings, of which he's the most all the victims were descended from families who owned warehouses in old New York. If the narrative has been drawn by a plastic ruler, then it's disappointing that the characters have been delineated by Magic Marker.

The pitiful thing about this pitiable thing is that it has been extremely well directed. Jonathan Demme, who made last year's *Heide With Her*, a neglected and highly original comedy about the citizens' band radio culture in America, has talent coming out of his ears. And speaking of ears, this now's our report: every silk overlay. Demme has that sort of the movie in intense clasp (it begins to look like *Bergman*), swirling overloads (like *Hitler*) and deliberately celebrated set pieces (now *De Palma*). Those set pieces (in a graveyard, up on a carillon tower in Princeton) and the classic sequence at Niagara Falls don't really pay off one of the screen's last acts any more: a brutal romance or narrative force.

There is one note of distinction: a woman dresses a man in a bathrobe while having sex with him. How's that for cutes interrupted?

Lawrence O'Toole

Privacy evasion

DESPAIR
Directed by Martin Winsemius

Dedicated to Vincent Van Gogh, among others, *Despair* features nothing so dramatic as an ear being cut off. The plotline of violent pain into it is surprising: a novel by Vladimir Nabokov, adopted for the screen by playwright Tom (Frasconi) Stoppard, directed by the prolific German wunderkind Fassbinder. But the blood has been sucked out of the original story, leaving only slivers in style.

Because Hermann (Dirk Bogarde) is a Russian emigrant now living in Berlin where he owns a chocolate factory. Wall Street has just collapsed, the Nazis are on the upswing, Hermann is going bankrupt. Alas to Berlin, Hermann begins to feel discontent (i.e. he has the queer feeling he's standing outside himself looking at himself). His post-betrayed with (Andrea Ferrel) is the embodiment of vacant, lustreless con-

Specialty tastes

For aught else. Complex, the new 15-theatre movie complex at Toronto's Eaton Centre will find its niche in history because of one glorious regard: *All the above-cited risks*. Celine's number of cults and acrobatic Reuben Bantz referred to the barn behind the concept (renewed) Dark Shadens and Mel Taylor and studied Marjorie Spachman as the most distinctive narrative in the entire world. Coupled a stack by stander — tell what The Supremes have broken up.

Aspirants to the Pope, the Queen and your mother aside, Complex or its kind might in the world. Costing between \$2 million and \$2.5 million, this screen keeps

well-kept on it, if according to the owners, the first in a network of such complexes to be built across the country in the next two years.

A generic, Complex nonetheless has at the elements of a white-collar scene thing. Theaters seat from 57 to 137 people. There's a restaurant, smoking room, a newly developed rapid smoke diluted. Modular 4, computerized looking and during the day a double in kind of day come centre where shopping mothers save their kids to see movie.

What's most welcome about Complex is that it gives good specialty films the chance to find an audience (given the size of the theaters, only a small audience turnout is needed to show a profit). In addition, the center has set up its own distribution company, Plan-Complex, which means it won't always take years for foreigner-

films to arrive, or for that matter years to get a Canadian movie even into our country. The opening lineup includes the remarkable British-made *The Shout* and *Carver* producer The First of Wonders (Chris Macdonald's April 30). Canada's *The Ridder Gun* and a mosaic of Toronto to get some voltage out at the new sound system. Screenings though are only twelve-12-hour by a new projection system.

The physical environment is functional, if monotonous, employing 50 people to direct expedient traffic.

The traffic at the gala opening, where in fact Toronto's traffic didn't, had no need of direction. One of the nation's leading lady thespians commended one of her subalterns: "Get me a drink, Betty. Get me a copy of *And Star Trek*, also, please, come back here and kick my backside. Sorry, I'm late, apologetic ladies."

L.O.T.

sally. "Really, you're such a stupid woman," he tells her. "Well, I don't mind." He doesn't mind because he doesn't have to deal with her. But when he stands above her in a leopard dressing gown and leather cap holding a whip, his dissociated self watches on voyeuristically. To deal with it, he switches designs with another man who he thinks is his physical double. It leads to murder.

Visually stunning (it begins with a telling shot of droplets of water falling on egg shells), the arch and mannerist *Despair* is mostly high. The film is a shot through mirrors, window panes, partitions—framed by and trapped in double imagery. There's nothing in *Despair* so helpful as a reasonably complex explanation of Hermann's domination, or an attempt to words in dig deeper into his skull. The movie's greatest flaw is evasion of privacy. The Nabokov character—witty,

confident and troubled—virtually drops off the screen after the first half hour. And most of what Bogarde does be has done before—many times before. Those rapid eye-brows and arched lips are getting to be very tiresome.

With its Art Deco sets and choral-sung narrative, *Despair* is unquestionably sleek. Fassbinder, who turns out director at a rapacious pace, seems to have made this one hurriedly, without giving much thought to the book. It's all effect and without cause.

L.O.T.

Half a loaf

NEWMONT
Directed by Philip Nozue

There have been triple-chained fat, near-sighted and balding, he lends new meaning to the word *admirer*. There is no heroine in the conventional sense and so little. The film is not a dull time in a dull place and it concerns a subject that isn't all that exciting either. But the movie's just lovely.

Part of the reason is that Nozue, one of the young (he's 30) films of the revitalized Australian film scene that is attracting worldwide attention lately, has used remarkable restraint and shown great maturity in blending his concepts. On one level, *Newmont* is a nostalgia film about the declining years of the theatrical sexwear industry in the late '40s and through the '50s. But, despite scrupulous attention to detail, Nozue never allows his audience to get sidetracked up about it and long for the good times past.

Similarly, he keeps his characters in love marriage, separation and even the death of a most appealing young can-

ceremon are treated as the facts of life. They really are. He gives his people dignity, and it is the dignity the audience comes to feel they deserve. When they have problems, they solve them, just the way real people do—not all that brilliantly, sometimes not at all that well, but enough so that they can carry on and get by.

The most engaging of all these characters is the talking Ben Maguire, perfectly played by Bill Hunter, a well-known movie villain in Australia. It is in his life as well as a character as that the movie flows, from 33 to 46. Even when his time is running out, there is no sense that his time is running out. He will manage. He has his pride, not even an offer of \$50,000 for a real of his company's film can tempt him, he just walks away. His sense of irony, as explained as some might want, does not displace what times get hard and maybe that's why, with so much going against it in theory, *Newmont* works so beautifully in reality.

John Guzik

Bogarde and Winsemius chocolate shop



'Newmont' comedian: getting along

Ustinov's tour guide through Leningrad is his — and only his

By William Casselmann

"I wasn't born here. But my parents met here and I have it as the best authority that I was conceived in Leningrad," says Peter. In some ways that only reinforces the perfect tour guide, in other ways Ustinov is not as good as those. But it's a merry spin he gives around the city founded in 1703 by Peter the Great as *Sankt Peter*. In 1918 the Russians officially dropped the name as too Germanic—it became Petrograd. In 1924 Lenin thought of something else—Leningrad.

Scrambling down Nevsky Prospekt, the city's most renowned street, Ustinov is sunny and playful. "How do people know they're Russian?" he wonders. In a sidewalk of stone faces he says, "I smile and get a small triumph of a smile from one treaty town."

Leningrad is a Slavic town of art, beautifully mixed by Canadian cinematographer Harry Hahn. His camera pans over vast gilt mosaics, burnished and flattered altars.

Richly bequeathed, and still housed, Cathedral Apts and again throughout the bearing travellages we return to one shot, the camera gliding past that delirium of symmetry, the Winter Palace, arranged at sunset beside the Neva River. This majestic, black crosses Leningrad in a sense, much—Ustinov says, not his comic antipathy to sport. He visits the proper tombs and graveyards. Here lies Catherine the Great. Here in a mass grave lie 600,000 citizens who died during the 900-day siege of Leningrad by the Nazis. "Versailles was much like the stone beach," says Ustinov. "Every country had to have me." He shows us Peter the Great's version, with roiling sporting fishermen and bad statuary, the mosaic cloakland of Petrograd.

Then Lenin's yawn, "Now or Never." We stand at the United Statue, where Lenin returned from exile to proclaim that a socialist revolution was possible in Russia. Ustinov asks himself how the revolution has affected the people and finds it "hard to say." He contemplates

the faces of old people in the street, "the triumph of whose lives is survival. They are grateful for the absence of war and the infinite luxury of still being alive." Peter Ustinov's tour is humane and naive. And, after all, how much history may we demand in 90 TV minutes? A touch more than he gives. For Leningrad is also a city of death, its history a grim bequest of purge and murder.

Under the feet of Peter the Great, forced laborers dug the bare out of granite in the swampy delta of the Neva. Thousands fell dead. And the great modern-



ism of Kuznetsov had a few quarks. Peter the Great personally tormented his own son, Alexei. He caught his wife plotting, had her lover's head sewed off, pickled in a jar of alcohol and for years she had to sleep beside the maddening head, its eyes open again.

Is this Ustinov's sunny city? Of a fame in 1815, Turgenev later wrote "Written a stone's throw of the Winter Palace, at the city hall, human flesh was being put up for sale with permission of the authorities." Let the earth out with Lenin's October Revolution is skirted over with a brief montage of still photos. Nowhere in the program are Stalin's fumes and paganos.

The most offensive criticism given Peter Ustinov's abiding public charity, in people. We meet so citizens of Leningrad, so workers, so much is from the farm to work. And there are workers. Although in time St. Petersburg became the great northern port of the Imperial Russian Navy, it also boasted industrial strength with armaments and

railway works. To the west and south of the old port sprawled suburbs where workers lived in 19th and 20th. After the revolution, new quarters were built. Bombed flat in World War II, they had to be rebuilt again. Today Leningrad is the base for much Soviet scientific and historical research. It's home port for atomic-powered submarines and the Soviet Merchant Marine. At the great Khimvolokna works they assembled the first Sputnik. Was Ustinov's crew barred from certain places?

Here, too, Dostoyevsky sat. Koshutkin sat walking from his classical room on Sokolniki Place, brooding on the wonder that is the vortex of Crime and Punishment. So accurate was Dostoyevsky that one can follow the story from street to street in Leningrad, pilgrimage as Joyce fantasies do along the Liffey in Dublin. Ustinov rarely takes in one moment of the great Soviet's tomb.

Exactly why his loquacious suffer the city's horror may be found in Peter Ustinov's opinions about television. In his memoirs, *Dear Me*, he writes, "Television has imposed special demands on the orator. As a medium, it is a kind of the detector, which ferrets out incoherence. There is nothing more extraordinary than television's ability to sustain a politician, and may to him convince me." To the experienced eye every sentence... every joke, helps to build a pattern of the man's true state of mind." So also for a TV host.

That is the first of a new series called *Orator*, produced entirely by two independent Canadian TV houses, John McGroarty Productions and Nielsen Fenn International. Next fall we'll see Anthony Danvers's *Rome*, *Ed Loring's Glasgow*, *Ellie Wren's Jerusalem* and *George Pilkington's New York*, among others. The title is hung on. This is the Leningrad of Peter Ustinov. Not mine, not yours, perhaps, but his alone—quirky, flawed, riveting.

PETER USTINOV'S LENINGRAD
(CBC May 2-30 p.m.)

Keep UP with the news

The ups and downs of
Mid-East peace... the highs and
lows of the Canadian economy...
inflated oil tanks and ballooning beef
prices. If you like to keep up with the
news, then embark on weekly coverage of
all the news that matters with a subscription
to Maclean's. Each week, Maclean's brings
you in-depth coverage from all the world's news
centers... whether it be stage, stadium, battlefield
or outer space... without reaching into the depths
of your pocket. With this special subscription offer,
Maclean's costs you less than 35¢ an issue (a hefty
saving compared to 75¢ an issue of newsstands
and 37¢ an issue by regular subscription).

Subscribe to Maclean's now and we'll send you
35 weekly issues for only \$11.98
Fill in attached postage-paid card and send today!

Only rock 'n' roll

The audience for the second Keith Richards CMT concert disappeared into the Okawa Civic Auditorium with the precision of a tape measure being called back. A young woman bellowing, "If it weren't for heroin, we wouldn't be here," brought attention to the fact that the occasion was not just a concert but a public act of redemption stemming from February, 1977, when the Rolling Stones recorded live in Toronto. Margaret Trudeau enjoyed one of the great musical experiences of her life and Richards, the Blues' love guitarist, got busted for dope. Justice and show business were further entangled in October, 1978, when Richards was con-



Richards (above), unapologetically howling. Jagger (left), predictably romantic, a Jagger-Wood duet "happy to be here"

vinced of heroin possession and Ontario county court Judge Lloyd Graham put him on a year's probation and sentenced him to entertain the blind.

During the week that preceded the two benefit performances on April 22, it sometimes seemed that the visually handicapped were the victims of the judge's good intentions. Blind people, given tickets first and for free, were bussed to radio stations carried as an if they had seen a star in the East and reported all details of ticket vigils marked by incense, sculptures and roared appearances by surprise guests. People were standing in all over. Many drove in from Toronto, arriving in Okawa on a sunny afternoon to find the local citizenry in lawn chairs in driveways awaiting the event. Residents of the row of houses backing onto the rink's ample parking lot, stood behind their front fences and watched the crowd, many of them second-generation Stones fans, sporting a lot of darts and troubled skin.

Inside the auditorium there was a spray-painted sign, "Keep this joint," and a portrait of the Queen of each in red preparation that you had to look twice to make sure that the monarch was not wearing a bracelet on her leg. At 4:40 p.m. the audience chanted "We want Stones," and the lights went down. A blind deejay introduced Blues Brother John Belushi who introduced the first band, The New Barbarians, fronted by Ron Wood and Keith Richards, making its first appearance at a North American tour. Richards stood at the mike, threw away his prepared notes and said, "We're real happy to be here."

Although the evening show was more driving, the two concerts were almost identical. After eight numbers, The New Barbarians left the stage. In the dark, Richards roared with an anti-septic guitar and was joined by Jagger. After a bluesy duet, the Rolling Stones took over, doing ten exciting, whistling numbers, five of them from Stone Girls, their most recent album. Jagger was predictably moosey and Richards was unexpectedly breathy looking. In response to each of Jagger's signature gestures—pointed finger, exaggerated stomp, insolent tongue—the audience clambered and roared, immune to blacked night lights and sloppy melodic brandishing of mics, washboards and tenor-saxophones, who swayed on the backs of seats set their own. Whatever the concerts may have had about plagues of the advantaged and the disadvantaged, the fans and band were loyal to each other. Still, the next day when Richards was served with notice of the Queen's appeal, it was hard not to wish that this parallel were finished.

David Livingstone

The American Express Card isn't just any card



Emergency Cash

Show the Card and your personal cheque for up to \$250 can be cashed—24 hours a day—at participating hotels in North America where you're a registered guest. Or up to \$250 in cash and \$600 in Travellers Cheques at Travel Service Offices around the world.

Travel Assistance

Need expert travel information? Tickets? Help with a travel-related problem? There are over 750 American Express offices to serve you worldwide. So when you travel, help isn't far away.

New Travellers Cheques Dispensing

Now Cardmembers can credit in the American Express Travellers Cheques dispensing program. Get up to \$500 per week. Look for dispensing at major U.S. airports and Travel Service Offices in Canada.



Actual Receipts

Our receipt system doesn't just let you charge for almost all transactions, you get copies of your signed receipts. So there's no guesswork.



Assured Reservations

Ask any participating hotel for an Assured Reservation on the Card. Your room is then guaranteed, no matter how late you arrive. If your room is unavailable, the hotel will find you comparable lodging and pay for it.



The American Express Card Don't leave home without it

The disappearance of Pierre Camelot and the return of the pork barrel

By Alan Fotheringham

One of the more remarkable things about this remarkably dull election, which the Liberals at the moment are losing is that they are even close. An assessment of their latest 13 years in power shows a party so cynical and arrogant that it has achieved a modest victory in the Canadian media wars which has been accepted as the norm. Great stuff! Black is white. Red is good. Newspeak lives.

One of the reasons for this state of suspended belief is that the Liberals still float to a certain extent on the jetstream of Pierre Trudeau's 1968 image. Here was the cleanheaded, blue-eyed academic idealist and resistor who was going to sweep the slime from politics. In fact, he was a record of patronage and Marxist jargon-the-bog in the worst of any modern-day prime minister. You could call him Pierre Potbelly and make as easy case to prove it. The man who was going to reform the Senate? In truth, he has been more a slave to the pressures of the party hawks and bigger

than was the waygoing Lester Pearson.

Fifteen years ago under Pearson there were 64 Liberals in the Senate and 39 Tories. Now has Trudeau reform it? Today there are 15 Liberals among its 100 members and only 16 Tories. Close? That's what you call it when the prime minister, after dissolving Parliament and calling the election, appoints a clutch of Liberals faithful to the Senate as an inspiration to run-pipe workers. Up to the rewards of \$50,000 a year went Duke Wood, who was Mr. Trudeau's campaign manager in Mount Royal the past two elections. Up went a weary hackbench MP that the party wanted to get rid of, Fernand LaBelle. Up went Norbert Thiessen, a New Brunswick Liberal M.P. Up went David Bouscattier, chairman of the Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women. Up went a Tory, Bob Muir. Who? Because the Liberals think they can win his Cape Breton seat. Nothing is done by accident. The party of patronage rules on. A vacant spot on the

radical Pension Commission, at least four members of the Parole Board. Whatever happened to Pierre Camelot? Please call. There is Hamilton's John Munro. At one stage, of 98 government appointments recommended by Munro, 82 of them had given him campaign funds or worked for him. While labor minister, Munro needed an industrial relations consultant to study the Vancouver grain-handling problem. He found him—naturally—in Hamilton. When Munro's campaign manager, Joseph Lussis, was refused representation to the Hamilton Harbor Commission because he was "unsuitable," Munro tried to place him as a citizenship court judge. When Robert Andrus, the money man in the cabinet who is a master at patronage, formed a new unemployment insurance advisory commission, what unknown did he find to head it? Saul Leskin, his predecessor as Liberal candidate up in Thunder Bay. Andrus said every spot on the Immigration Appeal Board to bargain with other mem-



bers for political favors that would help him in northern Ontario. Russell Fendridge, the late Prime Minister's cousin, ran against John Diefenbaker. His reward? Appointment to the Freshwater Fish Marketing Corp.

The Liberals' complacent attitude, their feeling that they have been operating this way for so long that they must be right, is illustrated perfectly by their action when B.C. voters in the 1972 election defeated 39 Liberal M.P.s. The

Trudeausens promptly fired up seven of them with jobs. If the voters repudiated them, then the voters must be wrong. The government must correct that error. Of the 29 men that the prime minister appointed to his first cabinet in 1968 (only four are left), 14 of them have been rewarded with safe appointments. There is Edgar Benson, president of the Canadian Transport Commission. Bud Brury, chairman of the National Capital Commission. Bryce Mackenzie, chairman of the board of Air Canada. Mitchell Sharp, vice-president of the Arctic pri-

police commission. On and on. It has been a remarkably humble-minded and tediously collected collection of men picked by the clear mind of Mr. Trudeau. There has been André Gauthier with his contempt-of-court conviction, Bud Brury and his telephone link to judges, Francis Fox with his careless personality, Otto Lang and his nazi-film-over-the-seas, Jean Marchand and his wayward driving rap, Munro and his nervous fingers that couldn't stay away from a telephone.

There's been the Sky Shop at Tan, the Jean-Pierre Goyer blunder, the uranium cartel that had to be reformed to us by our American friends, all these millions that mysteriously went missing in the nuclear reactor sales in South Korea and Argentina, that delightful complex in Hull built with no tenders, the amazing armada being developed by all these ministers over the RCMP expenses in all, quite a remarkable record for 11 years of idealism.



There's nothing quite like it

That's the taste of Seagram's V.O. Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky. So smooth, so mellow. So fine in flavour.

Only V.O. is V.O.



AT DATSUN, ONE OF THE HEAVIEST RESPONSIBILITIES IS LIFTING A FEATHER.



Just before your 210 gets its final coat of paint, the entire car is dusted with an ostrich feather. This is a very important job at Datsun, because, it is this *attention to detail*—like making sure the last coat of paint goes onto a completely dust free surface—which makes your 210 subcompact such a quality automobile.

Furthermore, it is our strong *attention to value* that has us build a

car that delivers fabulous gas economy—about the best on the market. And, your 210 can

use any grade of gasoline—the option's



yours. But most important, because we build your 210 so meticulously, to ensure durability and longevity, we can give you 6 full years of rust protection. No one else does, but then again no one else builds a future into cars like Datsun. See the full range of 210-models. Today.

ONE OF THE BEST FUEL ECONOMY CARS IN CANADA. 6.5 litres per 100 Kilometres

(combined hwy & city)
Transmission with approved Transport Canada methods
Actual consumption will vary.
Consult the 1979 Transport Canada Guide for details



**THERE'S MORE FUTURE IN A
DATSUN.**
210-310-510-SPORTTRUCK-200SX-280ZX



See the DATSUN SPECIAL on CTV's
"Wide World of Sports" June 2, 1979